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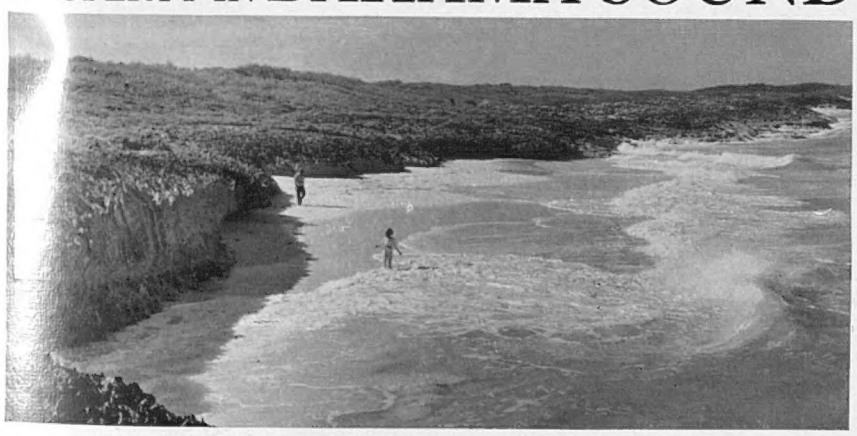

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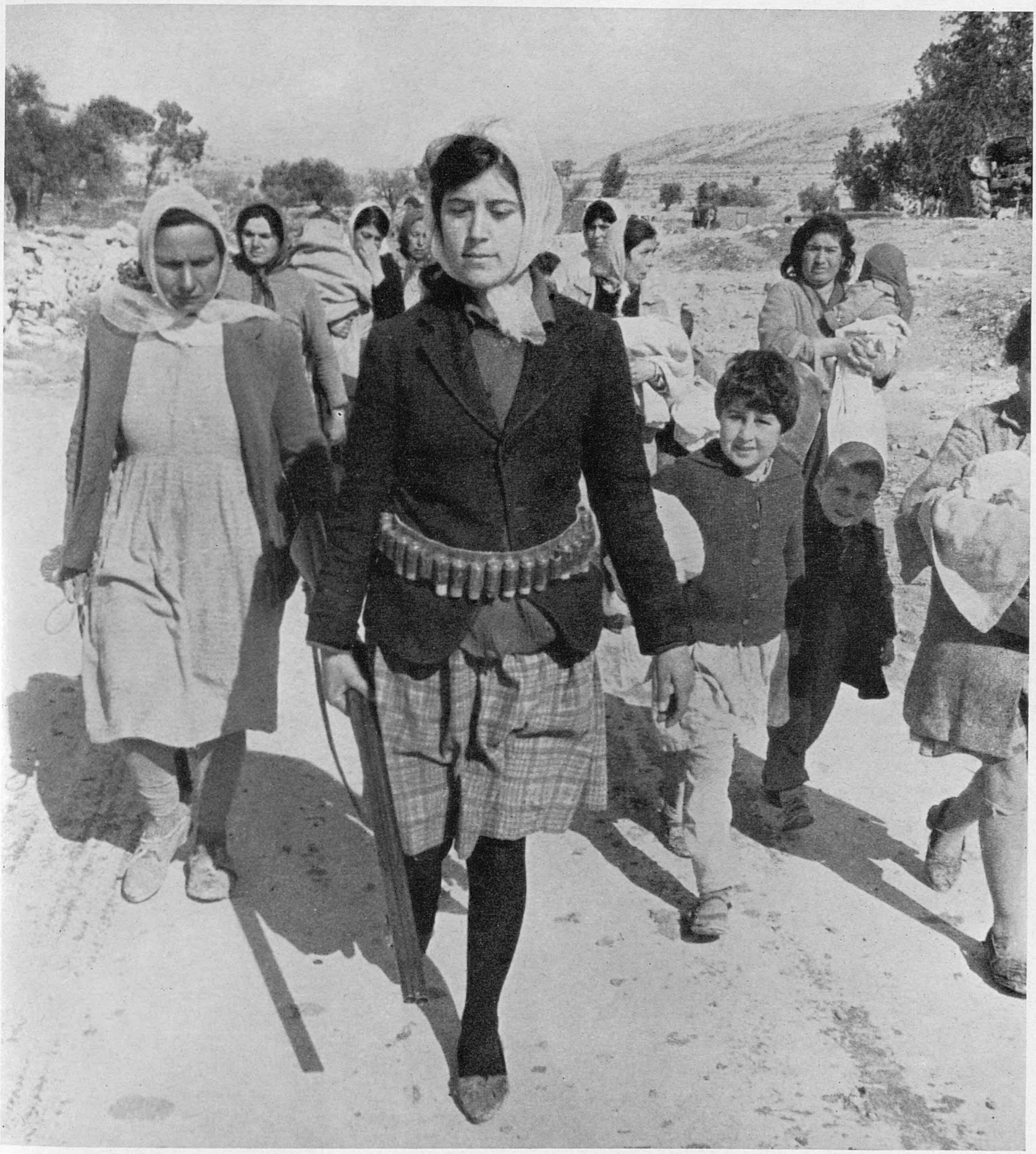


With a cartridge belt slung around her waist, this armed Turkish-Cypriot girl leads a group of women and children to safety after an "incident" had brought death and destruction to their village about 15 miles from Nicosia. This picture symbolises the meaning of the Cyprus tragedy for the people of the island who have to go on living while they—and the world—wait for a solution to their problems. (See News Summary)

THE STRIFE IN CYPRUS

NEWS SUMMARY

Cyprus crisis; Willy Brandt to oppose Dr Erhard; end of Kurd war

CYPRUS

All recent events have been overshadowed by the crisis in Cyprus. The gunfire on the strife-torn island echoed as far as Washington where President Johnson and Sir Alec Douglas-Home tried to find some way out of the dangerous impasse with its threat to the Nato Alliance (see External Affairs). And as the President and Prime Minister talked, the situation in Cyprus went from bad to worse.

About 50 people, mostly Turkish-Cypriots, were killed in a two-day battle at Limassol. In an attempt to mediate, Mr George Ball, President Johnson's special envoy, journeyed from Greece to Turkey, to Cyprus and back again, but without, it seemed, much success.

By the weekend all Anglo-American proposals for a peace-keeping force had been turned down by President Makarios, who nevertheless left the door open for further negotiations, and fears that Turkey would invade the island reached boiling point with reports that Turkish naval forces had sailed from Iskanderun, 100 miles from the Cyprus coast.

Later, however, the Turkish ships returned to port, and on Sunday, after talks at the Foreign Office between Mr Ball, Mr Butler, the Foreign Secretary, and Mr Sandys, the Commonwealth Secretary, it was announced that Britain had asked for an early meeting of the United Nations Security Council "to consider the urgent problems raised by the deterioration of security in Cyprus." President Makarios promptly followed suit with a similar request to the Security Council which was to meet on Monday night to consider the crisis.

Meanwhile, the British forces in Cyprus, under their new commander, Major-General R. M. P. Carver (who had taken over from Major-General Peter Young), were to be reinforced by a third armoured car squadron and 140 staff for the extra headquarters being set up in the island.

And the strife continued. On Sunday shooting broke out again between Greek and Turkish-Cypriots, this time at Ayios Theorodos, 28 miles from Nicosia. British troops negotiated a cease-fire, as they had at Limassol.

And on Monday, before the meeting of the Security Council, UN's man in Nicosia, its Indian observer, General Gahani, flew by helicopter to Polis where 700 Turkish-Cypriots were reported to be surrounded by Greek-Cypriot irregulars. While 100 men of the British Parachute Regiment sped to Polis, Sir Alec Douglas-Home in London called a meeting of senior Cabinet Ministers for fresh discussions on the Cyprus crisis. It was thought that some form of "partition" might be put forward as a solution to the island's troubles. In the House of Commons Mr Duncan Sandys said that he had made "the most vigorous protest" to the Cypriot Foreign Minister about the import of arms from Greece. Britain's decision to take the crisis to the Security Council was a last resort as there seemed to be no prospect of resolving the deadlock.

INTERNATIONAL

In Bad Godesberg, at a special conference of the West German Socialist Party, Herr Willy Brandt, 50-year-old Mayor of West Berlin, was elected the party's chairman (by 320 votes to nine) and (by 323 votes to five) its candidate to oppose Dr Erhard in next year's elections for the Federal Chancellorship.

An end to the war against the Kurds was announced by Baghdad radio last week. The Iraq Government had jointly with the Kurdish rebel leader Mulla Mustapha Barzani declared a cease-fire. President Arif of Iraq said that Kurdish rights would be drafted into a new constitution, local administration would be restored and help would be given in rebuilding damaged Kurdish villages.

Prince Feisal, the Saudi Prime Minister and Foreign Minister, revealed that his Government would not recognise a Yemen still dominated by a foreign power. He pointed out that there was still a large Egyptian army in the Yemen. This repudiates claims in the Yemeni capital of San'a that Saudi Arabia would be joining the UAR in support of President Sallal's Republican regime.

AFRICA

Following a week of border clashes, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia and President Osman of Somalia agreed last Saturday to a cease-fire and a "cessation of hostile propaganda." The cease-fire came into effect from noon on Sunday, but two hours later Ethiopian towns were reported to have been attacked by Somali troops. In Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, further appeals were sent to the African Unity Organisation and the UN Security Council. In Mogadishu, the Somali capital, riot squads were called out when crowds ran through the town shouting for weapons and chanting anti-American slogans.

In Southern Rhodesia last week, Mr Joshua Nkomo, leader of the People's Caretaker Council, was placed on restricted movement for three months. The 1941 Land Appointment Act, which effectively segregates Europeans and Africans in Southern Rhodesian towns, was condemned by the South Rhodesian Constitutional Council. (See also pp. 266-267.)

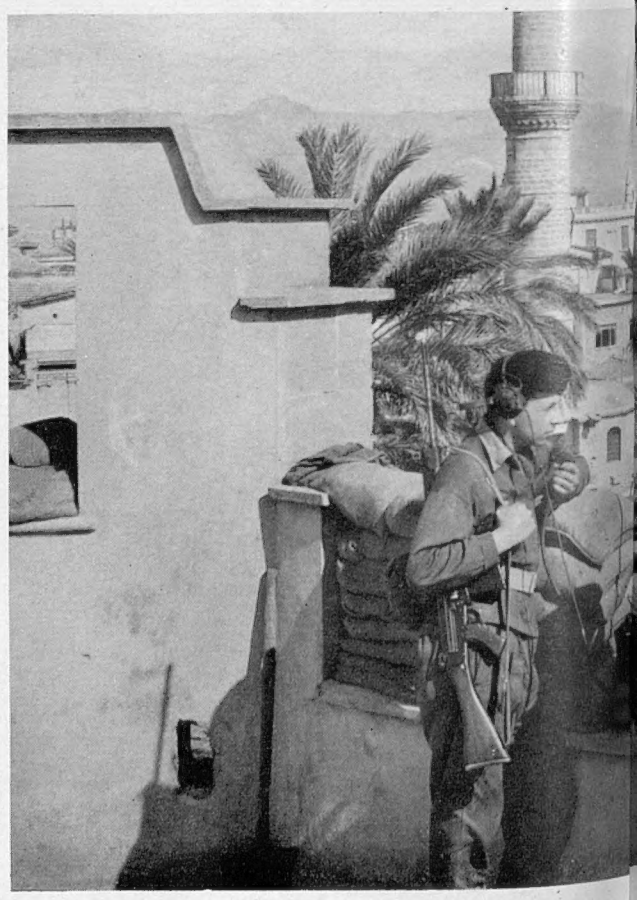
GREAT BRITAIN

With the Prime Minister's return from Washington, the Cabinet was expected to get down to a review of Britain's economic situation in preparation for the Budget.

Belief was growing that the General Election would be held in May or June because of the possibility of a renewed balance of payments crisis in the autumn.

Warming up for the General Election battle, Mr George Brown, Labour's deputy leader, made a personal attack on the Prime Minister at Reading on Sunday when he accused him of "jingoism" and of "once more bringing out the flag, this time wrapped round the H-bomb."

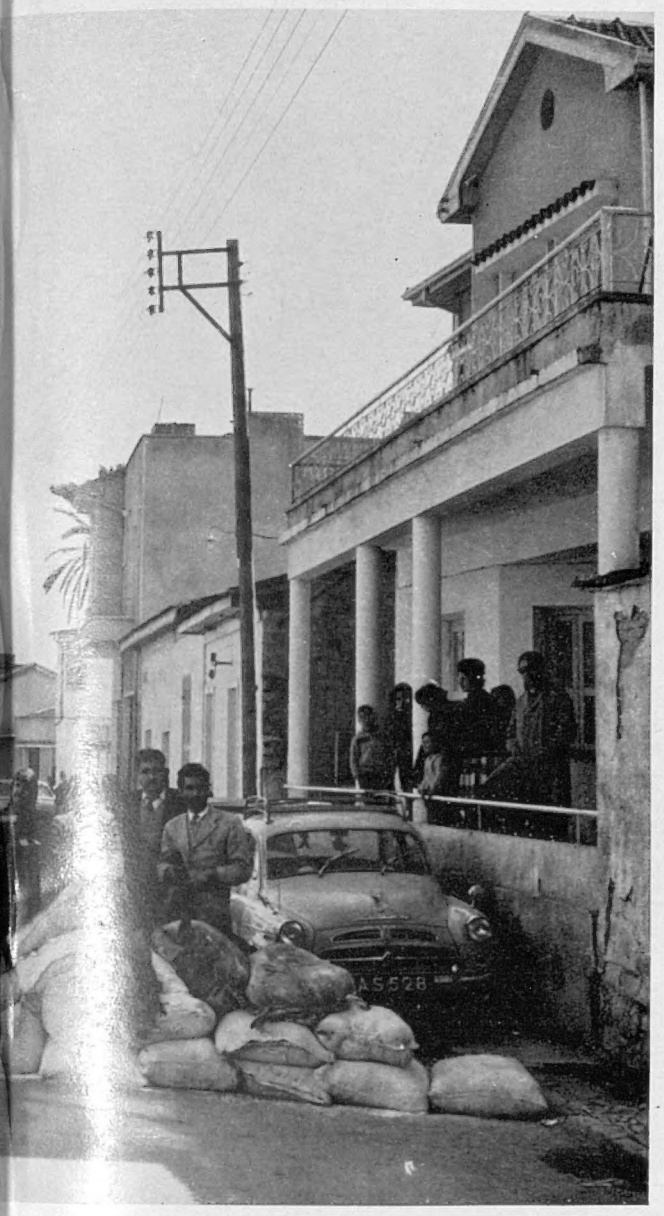
Mr Brown was referring to a speech made by Sir Alec Douglas-Home the previous day at the Young Conservatives' conference in London in which he said: "If it is the nuclear bomb that has kept, and is keeping, the peace, we must have the bomb."

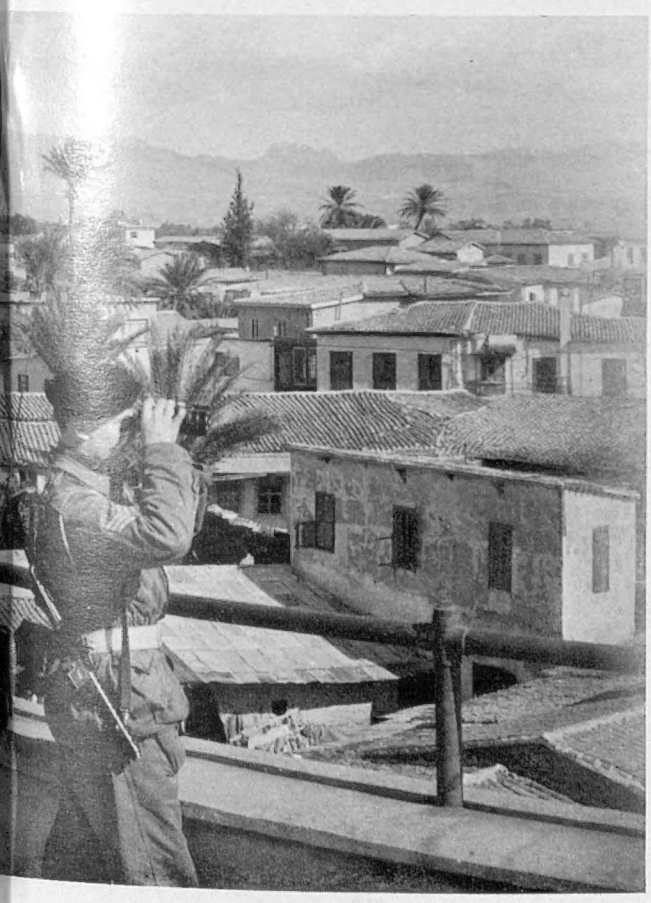


Left: The new Commanding Officer for the British peace force in Cyprus, Maj.-Gen. Richard Carver

Far left: Archbishop Makarios with Mr George Ball, the US Under-Secretary of State

Below: Barricades erected by Turkish-Cypriots in Limassol





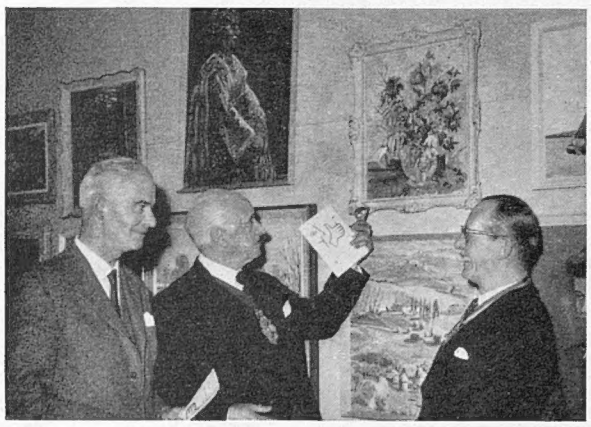
Above: A British soldier guards a house damaged in a gun battle
Top: A Greek-Cypriot tank manned by irregulars
Left: British troops keep watch from a roof in Nicosia, the capital

Above: Greek-Cypriot police on guard in the docks at Famagusta. Turkish-Cypriots unloading a Greek ship had discovered among the cargo guns and ammunition disguised as printing equipment

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

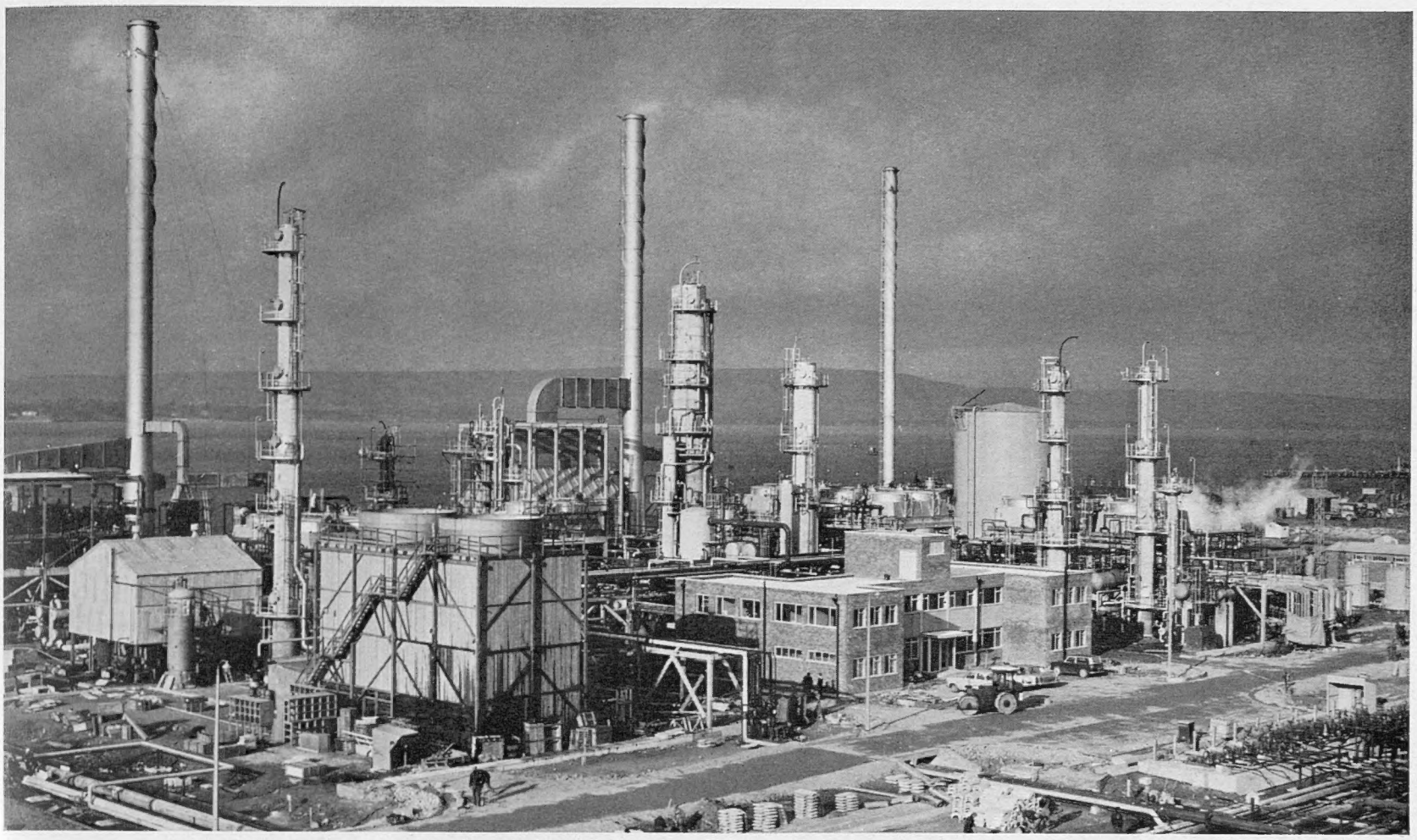
In memory of an Antiquarian
Sir Basil Spence and Sir Charles Wheeler arrive for a service at St James's Church, Piccadilly, London, in memory of Sir Albert Richardson, neo-Georgian, anti-modernist and past President of the Royal Academy

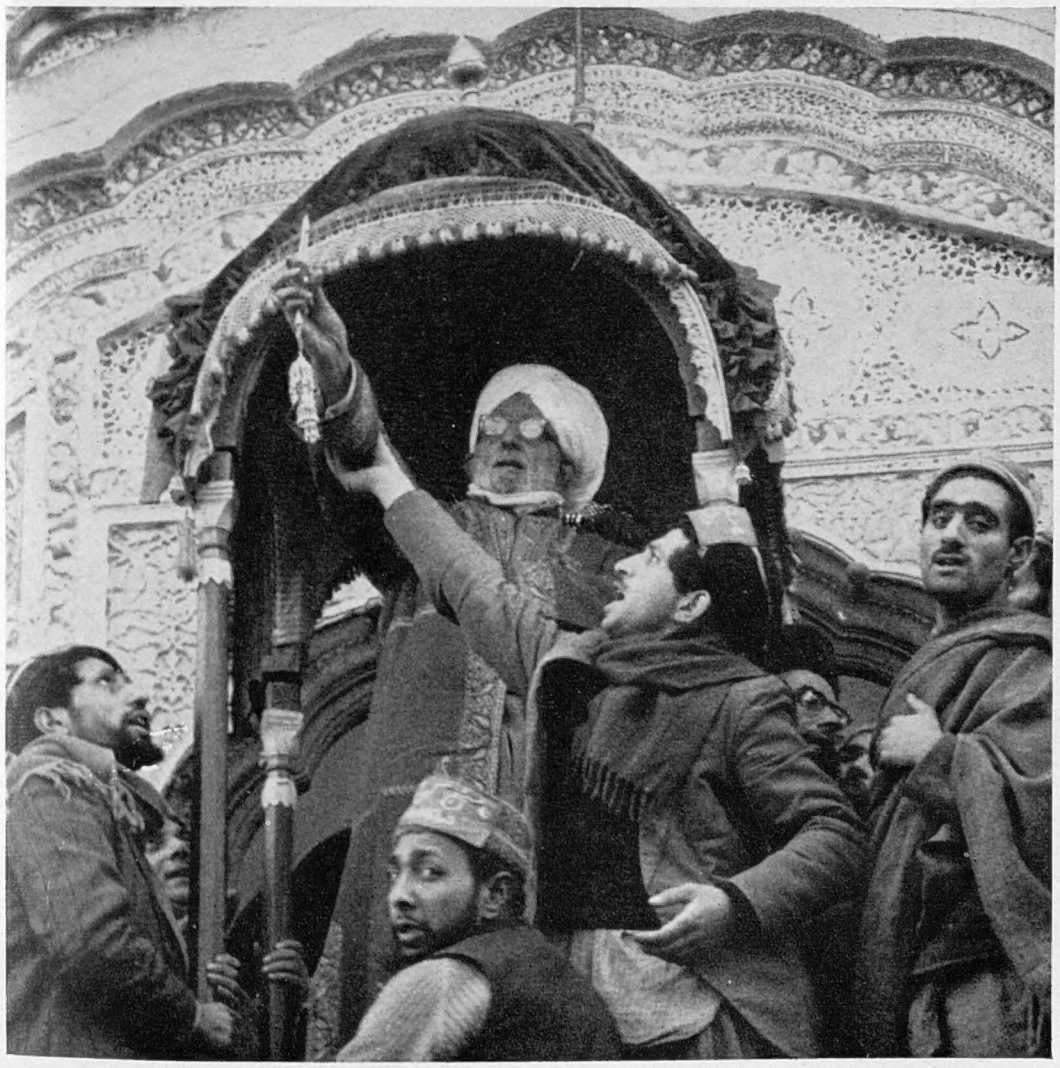
Reconstruction at No 10
The first pictures of reconstructed No 10, Downing Street show that its historical character is preserved. The Cabinet Room (top) retains its panelling. The Boudoir (right) still has an elegant Georgian air



Art in the City of London
The Lord Mayor of London points at a painting by Mr H. S. Ralphs (left) at the City of London Art Exhibition which he opened. On the right is Mr Eric Lees Giles, Master of the Company of Painters and Stainers

THE NEWS IN PICTURES





The hair of the Prophet

At the Hazratbal Shrine in Kashmir, Moslems gaze on the sacred hair of Mohammed which is being displayed for the first time since it was lost — and found — last December. Riots followed news of the theft

New Refinery at Belfast

British Petroleum's new Northern Ireland refinery is built on a 100-acre site of reclaimed land at Sydenham, the southern end of Belfast Lough. The refinery recently received its first consignment of crude oil from Kuwait

Mr Nehru sees the Test

Making his second public appearance since his illness, Mr Jawaharlal Nehru, India's Prime Minister, attends the first day of the India v. England Test match in New Delhi. Dr Roy, his personal physician, is on his left

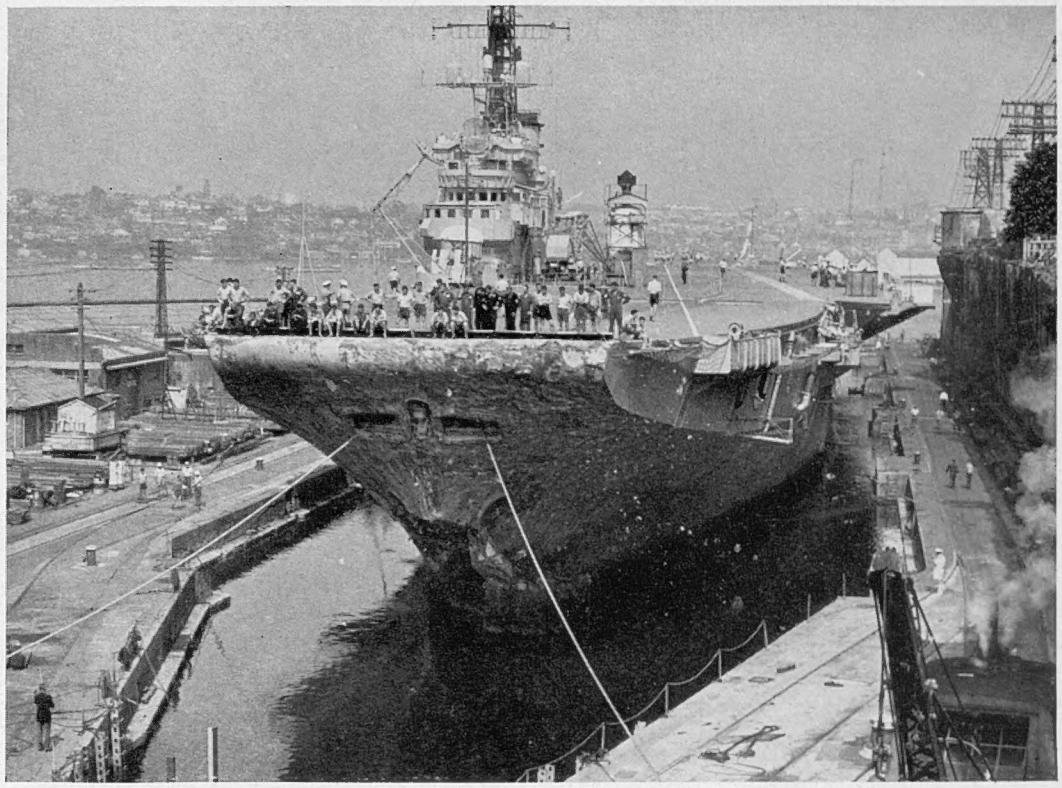
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

Going home from hospital

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother leaves the King Edward VII Hospital for Officers in London after her operation for appendicitis. With her are the Matron, Miss A. Saxby (left) and Sister A. Astbury. After her arrival at Clarence House Her Majesty was visited by Princess Margaret

Repairs for the 'Melbourne'

The Australian aircraft carrier *Melbourne* reaches a dry dock in Sydney for repairs to her bow, damaged in collision with the destroyer *Voyager* off the coast of New South Wales. 82 lives were lost in the disaster. New bows will be constructed on shore and joined to the *Melbourne* in the dry dock



South-East Asian Conference

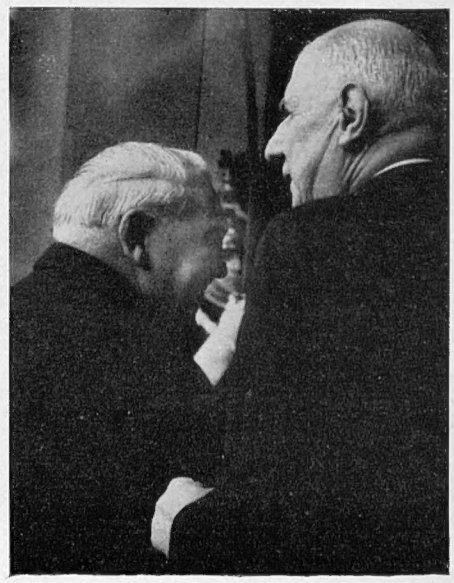
Meeting in Bangkok to discuss Malaysia and the easing of tension in South-East Asia are, from left to right, the Foreign Ministers of Malaysia, Tun Abdul Razak; of the Philippines, Salvador Lopez; of Indonesia, Dr Subandrio; and of Thailand, Thanat Khoman. The Thai Foreign Minister, who was host to the tripartite talks, invited the Ministers to his private residence for a less formal continuation of their discussions. (See also External Affairs p. 265)

A positive win in Greek elections

Mr Papandreou, the 76-year-old leader of the Centre Union party, won a landslide victory in the Greek General Elections, gaining 53·3 per cent. of the total vote cast. The National Radical Union-Progressives Coalition obtained 35 per cent. and the pro-Communist EDA 11·3 per cent. Polling was heavy as there were penalties for abstention. The results should give Greece a stronger government for a four year term after eight months of political instability

Franco-German tête-à-tête

At the Elysée Palace, the German Chancellor, Ludwig Erhard, confers with General de Gaulle during his two-day visit to the French capital. Although there were conflicting views on some subjects, the Chancellor said he had secured assurances that French recognition of the Pekin government would not be extended to "the pretended reality of the Soviet Zone of Germany." Dr Erhard said afterwards he was "very satisfied" with the talks in Paris



GIVE AND TAKE IN WASHINGTON

Sir Alec Douglas-Home and President Johnson after their talks on world issues at The White House

The term "special relationship," applied to Anglo-American relations, is unfashionable nowadays. It might offend somebody who fears it would be exclusive—or somebody who is, to put it bluntly, anti-American. Yet last week's meetings between President Johnson and Sir Alec Douglas-Home showed that the Anglo-American relationship, whatever one likes to call it, is not quite like the relationship of any other two great nations. Cyprus, perhaps, is proving the point. President Johnson called it a "special bond," and he traced it to the common origins of law and political traditions in the two countries. Whatever the origins, the talks were a historic event, not least because of the President's large-minded tolerance on points of disagreement.

To list the main issues: Britain has been drawn mainly by Commonwealth ties into several policing operations which have eaten badly into the strategic reserve. In the new East African countries, in Cyprus and in Malaysia—and to a smaller extent in Aden—we have had to commit troops, either at the request of the Governments or under treaty obligations, to avert disruption or civil war.

All these operations are of a kind about which Americans are traditionally suspicious. They have a deep-seated distrust of anything connected with colonialism, and, although we can argue that this has nothing to do with colonialism, but is a contribution to stability, world peace and Western defence, the attitude of generations cannot change overnight. No Administration, least of all in an election year, can afford to disregard Congressional opinion, which reflects the mass of American voters.

When Robert Kennedy, in response to our appeal for American support in South-East Asia, where Indonesia was conducting guerrilla warfare and openly threatening to destroy the Malaysian Federation, was sent on his reconnaissance tour, many British commentators were pained at his attitude, because he did not appear to accept our view automatically. But it has emerged that what Kennedy was conducting was precisely what he called it: a fact-finding operation. His intervention has reduced the tension, and President Johnson has warned President Sukarno of Indonesia that if he starts a war in that area, it could become a major war in which the United States could be involved. This was an important pronouncement, not only because American military power is the decisive factor in the Pacific, but because American thinking about South-East Asia and Indo-China is governed by the policy of the containment of Communist China in that area. If Indonesia—by far the biggest country in South-East Asia—is alienated by the withdrawal of American economic aid for its tottering economy, this could create a vacuum to be filled by Communism, whether of the Moscow or Peking variety. But the President has seen the overriding importance of preserving the Malaysian Federation, and the Prime Minister gave categorical support for the American policy of containment, which would be undermined by an attempt to "neutralise" Vietnam. The Communist North Vietnam reaction to this proposal was revealing: they warmly welcomed the neutralisation of South Vietnam, which, of course, would open the way for a Communist take-over of the whole country, and thence of the whole of Indo-China.

Similarly, the Americans were at first reluctant to become involved in Cyprus, but they were persuaded that the dispute between Greece and Turkey over the island opens a threat to the most vulnerable sector of Nato. Cyprus is not a member of Nato, but Greece and Turkey between them face a long frontier with the Soviet Union and its satellites on and around the Black Sea. That was one argument for a Nato force to take over the responsibility now exercised by Britain. Another was the abundant evidence that the Soviet Union was prepared to fish in troubled waters. Originally, we did not want to see what is essentially a Nato-cum-Commonwealth problem dumped on the table of the Security Council, not because of any prejudice against the UN as such, but because it would be exposed to a Soviet veto.

In the event, the Americans saw the force of these arguments, and in fact took up the running in an intensive diplomatic effort to persuade Greeks, Turks and Cypriots of both kinds to accept a policing plan which could be agreed among all parties concerned.

Washington also provided basic agreement to pursue the *détente* with the Soviet bloc, but this raises two points about methods, on which agreement could not be reached: East-West trade and Cuba. The Americans recently sold a large quantity of grain to Russia, partly on humanitarian grounds, to avert famine, partly as a straight business deal, but they demanded payment in gold, and they distinguish between this sort of transaction and one in which long-term credits ease the economic build-up of the Soviet Union—which is, after all, still determined to bury capitalism. We, in our pragmatical way, do not see a distinction between selling somebody food and selling him the means to grow it efficiently, such as a fertiliser plant. Also, as ingrained traders, we do not like to discriminate between one trade partner and another in our terms of trade, as long as we think he will pay up. We also have a different view about the effect of trade on the *détente*. Sir Alec said that he preferred fat communists to lean communists, meaning that the more prosperous communists become, the less willing they are to risk material comforts by adventures aimed at burying capitalism.

Where these differences of view are most sensitive is in the case of Cuba. It is difficult for us here to understand how strongly most Americans feel about Cuba. Just as we saw Cyprus as an Achilles heel in the Western Alliance, they see Cuba as a Trojan horse, a base for Communist penetration into the hitherto immune Western hemisphere. And this base is on their doorstep—far nearer than Cyprus is to us. They cannot understand how their closest ally can sell supplies to this dangerous regime, which might help to prolong its existence.

Sir Alec Douglas-Home stated firmly and politely the British view: we do not believe that boycotts really work in practice, and we believe that the effect of a boycott of Cuba is more likely to close the ranks behind Castro than to overthrow him, and so on.

So there was agreement to disagree on two honest but irreconcilable points of view. There are arguments on both sides, but what is really remarkable is that they could have been expressed, mutually tolerated, and discounted against the far wider area of basic agreement. This may not be a special relationship, but it is certainly one for which it is hard to find a parallel. **George Gretton**

AFRICAN POST-MORTEMS

Above: In Dar es Salaam, President Nyerere greets delegates to the emergency meeting of the African Unity Organisation (OUA). In his opening address the President said there was nothing to suggest that last month's mutinies were inspired by outside forces, either 'communist or imperialist.' Nor were they the spearhead of a popular revolt. Tanganyikans had supported the Government's request for assistance from Britain, but the presence of British troops gave scope to fears of neo-colonialism. After his speech, the OUA considered ways of replacing the British troops with an African force while a new Tanganyikan army was being trained

Right: In Accra, Ghana, young Ghanaians demonstrate their loyalty to President Nkrumah and their contempt for 'anti-socialist' students at the University of Ghana. Six members of the University, including one Briton and four Americans, had been deported for what were called "subversive activities." The United States' State Department described the deportation as a "hard blow against academic freedom"

Above: President Nyerere addresses about 300 chiefs and community leaders after their march in his support through Dar-es-Salaam, the capital of Tanganyika

Left: An expression of warfare in Northern Rhodesia. At the Tug Argan barracks near Ndola, an army recruit practises his bayonet drill

Top: Refugees from Rwanda. At a camp near Mbarara in south Uganda, a group of Watutsi refugees who had escaped massacre by the Bahuti tribe in their small neighbouring state of Rwanda are comforted by an African priest. Many other refugees fled south to the Kingdom of Burundi and east to the Republic of the Congo

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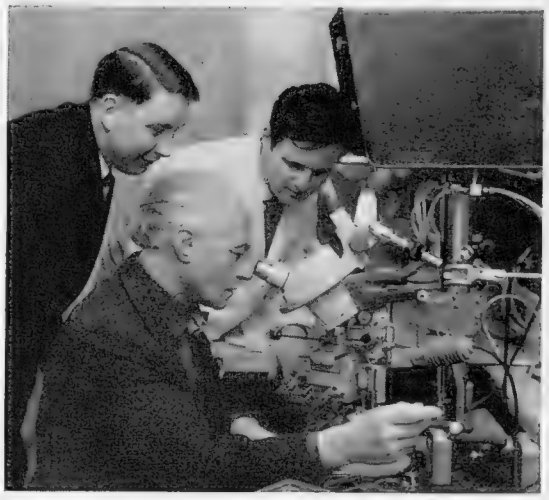
268

A jewel five lines long

If all Bills and Acts of Parliament were as lucid and short as Mr Emrys Hughes' Bill to abolish titles, a large proportion of men in learned professions would lose the bulk of their employment. His five-line Bill appeared to leave no loophole for doubt or question. There would be nothing at all for judges to rule on, counsel to argue about, accountants to dodge or the general public to pay experts to interpret for them. That perhaps is the chief reason why the Bill was doomed to be laughed out of Court in Parliament, where full employment is a major issue with all parties, even in the ranks of the white-collared workers. Yet what a grand idea it would be if government Bill-draughtsmen were compelled to take a refresher course under Mr Hughes and thereafter produced (for example) a Bill to simplify income tax assessment and collection, limited generously to ten-times five lines. Within a short time of such a Bill becoming law, unemployment would top the million mark and the Minister of Labour and Professor Parkinson would have committed suicide. The silversmiths of Ephesus in St. Paul's time saw the problem clearly and saw it whole. To have any hope of success, a Bill before Parliament must have "full employment" in the forefront of its aims. It must be as obscure as orotundity can make it and as full of loopholes as a sieve. Only so can full employment be attained. It is essential that the guessing game goes on.

Eton or Borstal?

The new £1 million Borstal at Wellingborough is splendidly equipped and the new boys are already enjoying its advantages, although the names of those with titles have not been announced (as is sometimes done with Eton new boys). The quarters are in glaring contrast with the antiquated cells supplied to Eton boys, and it is no surprise to learn that it will cost £140 more per annum to keep a boy at the new Borstal than at Eton —£680 against £540. The lending library is large and well equipped with crime fiction; film and television viewing is well catered for and instruction in the visual arts is handsomely provided. Modern laundries and dry-cleaning plant are built-in. A criticism of an Eton education is often heard today to the effect that the wealthiest parents can there buy their sons a privileged education: an auction which knocks out more promising boys whose parents have less to spend. The charge might be reversed. More and more, the responsibility for the increase in juvenile delinquency is laid to the door of parents, and it would be as fair, as generalisations can ever be, to claim that the luxuries of Borstal can be bought by parents far more cheaply than can the more rigorous regime at Eton. By neglecting their responsibilities, the parents of Borstal boys can be assured of State Scholarships of £680 p.a. for their young hopefuls, and some of them, I suppose, are as rich as, or richer than, many parents of Eton boys.



Above: The Queen's Sculptor-in-Ordinary for Scotland, Mr Benno Schotz, looks through a microscope at the Hughes International electronics plant at Glenrothes, Fife. Mr Schotz's visit was to see whether features symbolic of electronics could be incorporated in the sculpture he is to produce for Glenrothes town centre **Top:** At London Airport Sir Geofroy Tory and Lady Tory go aboard the Viscount of Aer Lingus bound for Dublin where Sir Geofroy has just taken up his appointment as British Ambassador **Right:** The Duke of Edinburgh chats with Mr Harald Peake, Chairman of Lloyds Bank, at the Overseas Bankers Club dinner at London's Guildhall. Next to Mr Peake is the Lord Mayor (Alderman Harman) and next to him, Mr Edward Heath

New wine in old bottles

Libraries have been filled with books about Shakespeare, Byron, Lady Caroline Lamb, Edward VII (to choose a varied quartette). Is there more to say? Yes, there is always more to say. For one thing, a new generation of readers come to the oft-told tale as to a subject new to them. For another, the known archives dating back centuries are even now not sifted through the smallest mesh, and still there remain archives hidden from human eye. And another reason: language changes, and even old views can be slanted and revivified by the use of current speech. So there is no end to books about famous people, great or unimportant. The vital details and facts of their lives may be established with chapter and verse, the motives which guided them, wisely or foolishly, along the roads they took will remain for all time anybody's guess, and anybody is free to guess them. For the thoughts of men and women are "not triable," if every action in their lives can be pinpointed to general acceptance. So here are Edward VII and poor little Lady Caroline Lamb taking the stage again under the spotlight, as if it were for each a first appearance, and, if the spotlight be brighter than ever, it may well reveal them both as something better and wiser than commonly supposed, even if it illumines a peccadillo or two hitherto insufficiently publicised. We must always remember that a biographer or novelist-biographer is more than the strict historian of his chosen subject. He is also the interpreter of his own opinions. If he has an interesting mind and a pleasant style, he can make the dullest subject of biography interesting.

Rare and curious

The London Committee against obscenity is concerned at the plight of Scotland Yard, which is contemplating building a Bodleian to house upwards of 40 tons of recent pornographic material seized. The Customs have impounded in three years more than 1 million such publications which can no longer be burned, since the smokeless zone legislation

Above: Better known as an actor than as the Rector of Edinburgh University, Dr James Robertson-Justice bows to the Duke of Edinburgh, the University Chancellor, at a ceremony to mark Dr Robertson-Justice's installation. In the centre is Mr George Foulkes, Senior President of the students

came into force. The Committee is on safe ground when it says that the Act of 1959 contains serious flaws. It is on safe ground, too, when it says that pornography sales are constantly rising and that the loathsome and profitable trade is largely in the hands of a few big businessmen who manage pretty easily to dodge the Act. The Act should be interpreted to concentrate on proof merely that temptation had been put in a prospective purchaser's way and not that a particular purchaser had been corrupted. A little polite persuasion to USA "wide boys" to limit the bulk of this "invisible import" to Britain would be a good thing too.

Mrs Dale's cat

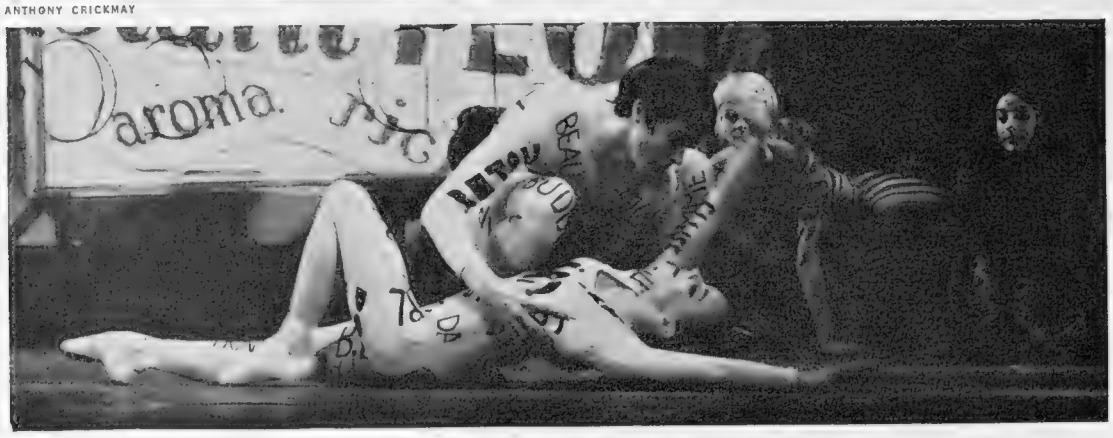
Captain, Mrs Dale's cat, has passed on. It had to go. Realism required it. Mrs Dale has been with us for 16 years, holding up the mirror to everyday life and common experience, and 16 or 17 is beyond the normal span of a cat's life. Even if granted nine lives, the domestic cat has seldom spanned 24 years. So Captain is dead and buried, and for him there can be no resurrection in this world, any more than for Mrs Proudie or Rudolf Rassendyll or Masterman Ready. The plots required their deaths. Even in fairy-tales there is no such thing as "living happily ever after." The most ingenious and tender-hearted author must work with a calendar and a dictionary of dates ever before him and must preserve the verities, if his fiction is to convince us. *Omnes eodem cogimur*—cats and Kings. You can endow a college *ad infinitum* but not a particular cat. Even Mrs Dale is probably not immortal.

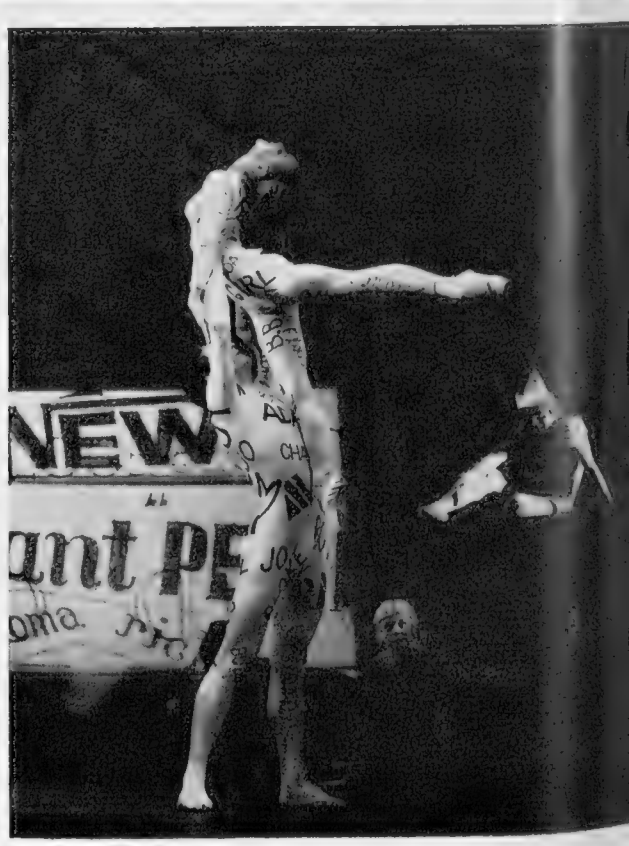
Lent lilies

In my Victorian childhood when the "upper classes" regularly attended church on Sundays, and paid a rent for their pews, we children were persuaded to give up some luxury in Lent. In changed times, Lent may still afford an opportunity for even adults to impose a self-denying ordinance. We could give up smoking, drinking alcohol, eating sweets; any of these self denials would please the Ministers of Health or Transport even if it might worry the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Or we could look higher and wider and, taking a note from St. Paul, we could ration envy, hatred, malice and greed for money and "have a stab" at that most excellent gift of charity and the not less important gift of restraint and discipline. But Lent lasts 40 days and, as we know, New Year resolutions seldom last as long as 40 hours. So I doubt whether before Easter the consumption of tobacco and alcohol or sweets will seriously decline, or industrial relations greatly improve, insurrections die down or bitter words in print or on men's lips go temporarily out of fashion. Business as usual will be the slogan of Lent 1964. It is Election year. *The Old Stager*

BIRTH OF A POP WORLD

ANTHONY CRICKMAY



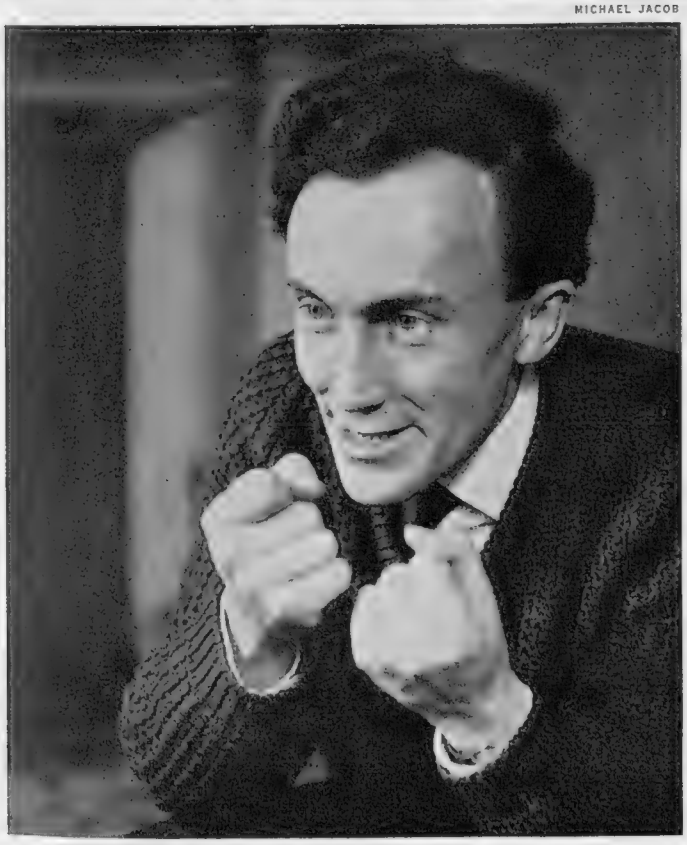


Above and right: Word-emblazoned tights are mod wear for the ballet's Adam and Eve (Richard Farley and Doreen Wells). Their Garden of Eden bears slogans and newspaper headlines as well as fruit

Top: Filled with the joy of creation, the Great Deity (Ronald Emblen) manages to leap triumphantly without losing his paper hat. Costumes and setting are the work of television designer James Goddard

Kenneth MacMillan's *La Création du Monde* is a new version of a 40-year-old ballet with a jazz score by Darius Milhaud. For the original theme of a Negro folklorist view of the Creation, MacMillan substitutes the Garden of Eden story in the terms of a children's game, played by a group of sophisticated modern teenagers. Costumes and setting draw heavily on pop art for their inspiration. The work, which was given its world premiere at Stratford-upon-Avon by the touring section of the Royal Ballet, goes to Southampton next week and comes to Covent Garden in May.

MICHAEL JACOB



Above: Billy (Norman Rodway) and the bow-tied Teddy (Marius Goring) plot to make Billy's family admit they caused his madness. **Left:** Jim Fitzgerald, the play's director

THE POKER SESSION

London has welcomed drama from Dublin since the great days of O'Casey and Synge, so *The Poker Session*, by Hugh Leonard, which has been imported to the Globe Theatre from last year's Dublin Festival with its original cast, is in an honoured tradition. The play is a black joke concerned with a young man named Billy Beavis. Lately released from a mental home, he blames his family and friends for causing his madness, and celebrates his home-coming by inviting them to a poker party at which he plans to expose their guilt. His hard-hearted mother, his former girl friend and his bullying brother all reveal a degree of responsibility for driving Billy bonkers.

Norman Rodway alternates brilliantly between reason and madness as the tousle-headed, cardigan-wrapped hero and Marius Goring gets a good deal of fun out of his middle-aged beatnik friend Teddy, another ex-inmate of the asylum. *The Poker Session*'s director, Jim Fitzgerald, also directed the much-praised *Stephen D* at last year's Dublin Festival.

BARBADOS PLANS ITS FUTURE

Written and photographed by Gabor Denes

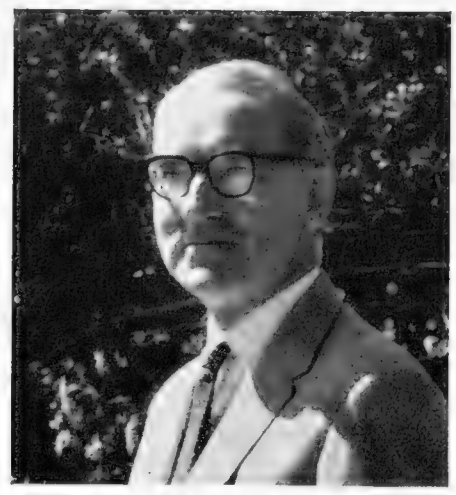
272 " One of the Richest Spotes of ground in the world and fully inhabited," wrote Henry Whistler of Barbados, in his Journal of the West India Expedition in 1654. Today, the emphasis would be on the second half of the description, for the island is very fully inhabited indeed. Roughly the same size as the Isle of Wight, it has a population of about 250,000, which increases at the rate of 2 per cent. every year. According to the last census, 89 per cent. of the people are of African descent, 6 per cent. of mixed descent, 4 per cent. of European and 1 per cent. of other groups. When first colonised, early in the 17th century, the virgin forests produced no food, and more profitable plants had to be introduced from Guiana. They included tobacco, cotton, yams, manioc, corn, plantains and sugar cane. The last eventually became the biggest crop and the mainstay of the island's economy. At first, labour was provided by indentured white servants. The importation of African slaves began in 1636.

Barbados has never passed out of British rule and has preserved a very English character which, combined with the appearance of a countryside often reminiscent of Kent, makes the British visitor feel very much at home. Bridgetown, the capital, has a spacious Trafalgar Square with, in the centre, a statue of Lord Nelson, erected before Nelson's column in London. The island has one of the oldest constitutions in the Commonwealth and has had full internal self-government since 1961.

The Federation of the West Indies was dissolved in 1962, and later the East Caribbean Federation Conference attended by representatives of Barbados, Antigua, Dominica, Grenada, Montserrat, St. Kitts, St. Lucia and St. Vincent recommended a new federation of the eight territories, with a capital in Barbados.

Grenada since then has declared other plans, and so the talk is now of a possible new federation of the " seven " with Barbados remaining as the leader. This is still under discussion. The ruling party in Barbados supports the scheme, but there are certain conditions which must be fulfilled, as I had pointed out to me by more than one member of the cabinet. Mr Wynter Crawford, Minister of Development, Trade, Production and Tourism, who in the absence of the Premier, Mr E. W. Barrow, was acting as Deputy Premier, reminded me that unlike the other six Barbados has never been grant-aided. It is generally understood that a conference is to be called some time in the near future in London by the British Government to discuss the question of the new federation but, as I was told by the Barbadian Education Minister, Mr James Cameron Tudor, such a conference can only take place " if Mr Sandys can decide and tell us how much aid will be available to keep the federation going for a limited period." It was difficult for me to gauge the popular feeling on this subject, but I have reached the conclusion that the idea would be acceptable and be received with some enthusiasm only if the proposed federation were to be given sufficient powers and sufficient financial backing.

While the economy of Barbados is certainly not capable of carrying the burden of other less self-sufficient territories *continued on page 274*



Above: Trafalgar Square in Bridgetown, the Barbados capital, has a statue of Nelson, who spent part of his early career in the West Indies
Top: Schooners moored in the Careenage, Bridgetown
Right: Sir John Stow, the Governor of Barbados
Far right: Mr Wynter Crawford, Minister of Development, Trade, Production and Tourism. The island, which attained full internal self-government in 1961, has a Legislative Council whose members—usually about 15—are appointed by the Queen, and a House of Assembly elected by universal adult suffrage

Above: Bridgetown has about 17,000 inhabitants—and a traffic problem. This policeman is controlling cars in Broad Street, the busy main shopping centre
Left: Mr James Cameron Tudor, Minister for Education, is a former President of the Oxford Union. The island has about 130 primary, secondary modern and secondary schools entirely maintained by government funds. All secondary education in government-aided schools was granted free in 1962
Right: A sugar plantation in the northern half of the island. Sugar accounts for 90 per cent. of exports

BARBADOS PLANS ITS FUTURE *continued from page 273*

in any future federation, it appears to be prosperous enough when the sugar crop is good. Sugar accounts for 90 per cent. of the total domestic exports. In a good year, as the last one was, the crop can amount to 196,000 tons. Other food products are grown. Livestock and poultry are raised, fishing is on a fair scale, but much of the island's food has to be imported. This and the need for imported industrial products results in a large adverse balance of trade which is only offset to a degree by interest on capital investments abroad, remittances from Barbadians living overseas and by tourism.

As in other countries largely dependent on a single crop agricultural economy, the greatest problem in Barbados is a surplus of manpower. To reverse the trade balance and to provide more employment, the Barbados government is determined to encourage the establishment of new industries, especially those with a large labour content. Under a special act, the Barbados Development Board was set up in 1955. Its functions are to stimulate, facilitate and undertake the development of industry and *continued on page 276*

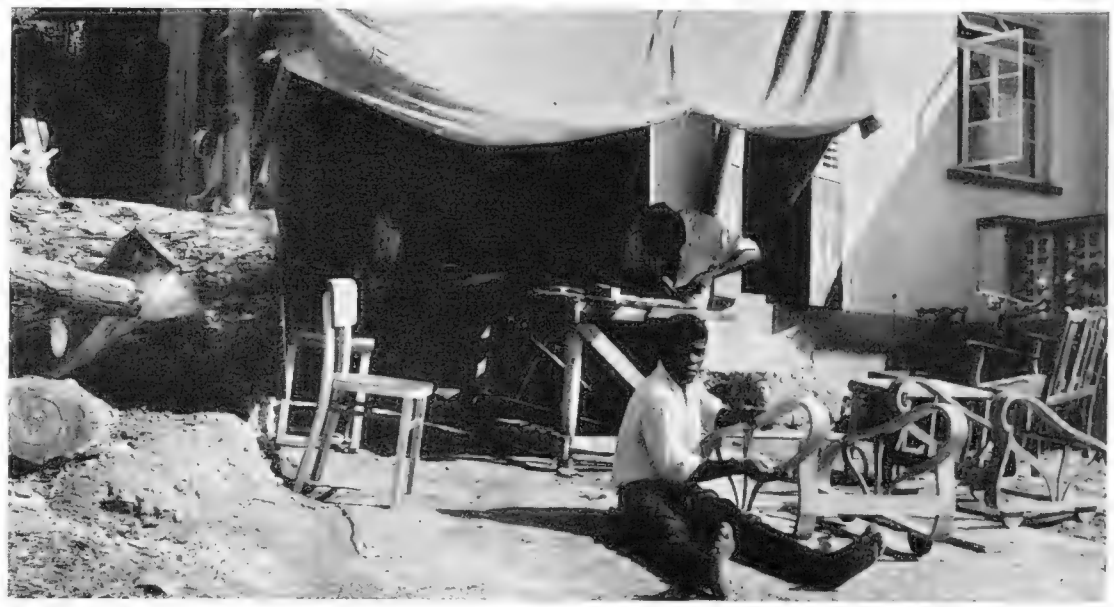
Above: The island's various Ministries are housed in this government building in Bay Street
Top: Bridgetown's palm-fringed Carlisle Bay is a favourite anchorage for small vessels
Right: Guests relax on the terrace of the Colony Club, one of the Barbados luxury hotels

Above: Government House, home of the British Sovereign's representative in Barbados for 250 years. **Top:** View of the Atlantic Coast

BARBADOS PLANS ITS FUTURE

continued from page 275

Above: Sugar loading at Bridgetown's deep-water port
Top: Brewing is among the industries helping to improve the island's economy
Left: Hoisting cane at a sugar factory
Below: Furniture-making is a village industry. More modern methods are being developed in workshops



Locally caught flying fish

276 agriculture. Later the terms of reference of the Board were changed to concentrate its energies and resources on the promotion of industrial development. Its aims are simply to improve the economy of the island by increasing employment, decreasing imports, increasing exports and raising productivity and efficiency.

"Incentive legislation" offers a number of tax, duty and other concessions to attract new industries and considerable research has been carried out to select the particular industries which would be most profitable and beneficial to the local economy. In addition to a ten-year "tax holiday," duty free importation of all materials, plus equipment, land and premises on exceptionally favourable terms, as well as loans for development are offered in suitable cases. A further attraction is the low cost of labour. In Barbados a skilled worker earns only about half-a-crown an hour. New industrial estates are being created. Two of them adjoin the magnificent new deep-water harbour, opened in 1961, which has the most up-to-date cargo handling facilities, including bulk storage and loading of sugar.

Mr Wynter Crawford told me of the progress that has already been made. Thirty different new industries have been started in three years and there are good prospects for more. He mentioned such ingenious examples as a new plant which turns bagasse (a by-product of sugar, previously wasted) into a building material. He also referred to tourism which is expanding more rapidly than any other form of development. In addition it provides a certain amount of employment and plays a major part in redressing the unfavourable trade balance.

Mr Paul Foster, director of the very active and efficient Barbados Tourist Board, gave me some interesting figures. Estimated receipts from tourism have reached 20 million B.W.I. dollars, which is about half the amount represented by sugar. Whereas sugar revenue cannot be increased to any extent, the revenue from tourism is growing at such a rate that in four or five years it might reach the amount earned by sugar. The highly developed hotel industry has no difficulty in filling its beds to capacity during the short winter season.

So far the British tourists have been in a minority, most of the traffic being from the US and Canada. This is due to the high hotel rates in winter and also to the size of the air fares from Britain. A new impetus was given to increasing tourism from Britain recently, when BOAC and BWIA (who between them provide long range services) introduced greatly reduced fares from the UK. It is now possible to fly to Barbados from London for as little as £171 return, a saving of about 30 per cent. below the normal economy fares. Publicity and advertising are also to be directed towards attracting visitors in the summer when hotel rates are cheaper. Package holidays will also help. From the beginning of September it will be possible to buy a 19-day holiday, including flight and full board at a medium grade hotel, for £188.

Efforts are made in every direction to raise the standard of living of the people of Barbados. Education has already reached a remarkably high level. Mr James Cameron Tudor, Minister for Education—who was President of the Oxford Union when he was at Keble—told me that without compulsion the free primary school system is so efficient that there is now a 97 per cent. literacy rate. Government secondary education is also free, and secondary modern and grammar schools are available with a common entrance exam at the age of 11. There is a new college of Arts and Sciences in Barbados which is part of the University of the West Indies. About 100 grants are awarded annually to students to work at universities in Britain, the US and Canada. When Federation comes, higher education will of course become a federal matter.

Barbados looks forward. If a Federation comes into being, its leaders are determined to give all they can in the way of co-operation with others. Failing this they expect to become independent, but I am sure they will feel some reluctance to go it alone.

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ALL ABOUT A "FAIR FEBRUEER"

All the months of the year
Curse a fair Februeer.

A very old proverb. And a bit depressing really: for, up to the time of writing, here in the south of England, this has been a quite exceptionally " fair Februeer." Indeed, I cannot recall a fairer start to the month. The temperature in my garden at one o'clock on the first day of February was 54 deg. F.: and I have known many a June day as cold as that and colder. I did not see a bee on the first of the month, but on the second (a day as warm) there were bees about the garden, the tits had started inspecting the nesting-boxes, and a starling, over-enthusiastic I feel, was busy collecting twigs. Since then we have had a touch of frost, but only the barest touch of hoar-frost, and the wind has veered to the north-west. The temperature has not remained in the fifties, but it has never dropped below the mid-forties at mid-day: not what you could call cold. Certainly not what Parson Woodforde described as " dewdrop weather ": and he was referring to his nose—and February. Yes, a bit depressing: that is, if you believe there is truth in these old proverbs. And, of course, there is, normally anyway, for they are all born of long experience.

Consider, for example,

As the light lengthens
The cold strengthens.

I know that that has not proved to be true, so far at any rate, this year. But in nine years out of ten it is absolutely true. The light begins to lengthen in the evenings at the end of the first week in January, and it is after that (usually sometime between 6th and 16th) that we get our winter. There is a noticeable leap in the length of evening light at the beginning of February—have you ever noticed how fugitive are the sunsets of February, the month of burgeoning light; how different from the prodigal sunsets of October, the month of gathering darkness? In February there is just a shaft of the sun and then a period of muted light, so that one is conscious not so much of the birth of night as of the lingering death of day—and it is at the beginning of February that we often, perhaps usually, get a spell of hard cold weather.

Which makes nonsense, you may think, of another old February saw: " February Fill-Dyke." That is usually taken to mean that February is a very wet month, a month of rain. It does not mean anything of the sort. Of course, February is often a very wet month—underfoot. But, from the rainfall point of view, February is, normally, one of the driest months of the English year. It is still true, however, that the dykes do fill—this is the month of the great floods—but they fill not because of present rain, but because there has been a spell of hard frost or heavy snow and a sudden thaw, or because November was wetter than usual. It has always astonished me that there is no old saw about rain in November and floods in February.

The old proverbs, as I have said, are born of long experience. But, perhaps, not all of them.

If in February there be no rain
'Tis neither good for hay nor grain.

That, surely, is nonsense? February is a dry month! Dry, that is, so far as rainfall is concerned, which is what matters in this context. I have often heard farmers complain of excessive wet in February, but they have been complaining of sodden ground, of flooding: not of too much rain. But I do not think that I have ever heard a farmer complain of it being too dry in February. Oh! Yes, I have. I recall that I did once hear a farmer on the " wet moors " of Somerset complain bitterly about a dry February spell: and he had reason. But then, I remember the same man complaining of flooding, even though he knew perfectly well, from long experience, that a good February flood meant money in the bank later in the year. Farmers complain: they cannot help it. Really, I suppose, this couplet is no more than another form of " fair Februeer ": another way of saying that unseasonable weather is not good.

I have enjoyed this mild, too mild, spring-like, opening to February. Who (except, perhaps, the farmers) has not? But at the same time . . . well, everything in the garden starts to come with a rush. Then, later on, there is a frost and everything is cut back.

The truth is that, at this time of year, it is not temperature that matters: it is light. It does not really make very much difference what the temperature is. There may be a bitter north-east wind (there very often is about the second week of February), there may be a week or more of hard black frost, there may be a week of temperatures in the '50's: it does not matter. What does matter is the steadily increasing light. It is to the light, the lengthening light, that the flowers, the birds and the beasts and the insects respond. It is the strengthening light, not warmth, that quickens the tempo of life: that prompts the thrush to mate, the blackbird to sing.

In fact, though I am sure that, in the main, these old proverbs are based on long experience, I just do not believe that one about " fair Februeer." I think that whoever made that one up was talking through his hat: that the rhyme was more important than the truth. The " Februeer " I thoroughly distrust is the dark February. A wet February—a cloudy, dark, February (as opposed to a cold one)—will, indeed, leave its mark on the rest of the year: even on the nut harvest of autumn. A " fair Februeer " (that is, one in which there is plenty of light) will also leave its mark on the rest of the year—but a pleasant, colourful, one.

Reflections of winter in a country track

THE COMPACT DUCHY

BY SYLVIE NICKELS

Two million foreign cars is a lot of horse-power to be entering any one country in the space of a year. It must become a record when that country is just 999 square miles in area.

" The trouble is," said one tourist official of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg wrily, " most people have come in one side and gone out the other before they have time to realise it! "

I saw the point. It had taken me 25 minutes to come by rail from Arlon on the Belgian side of the frontier to Luxembourg City. In another half-an-hour I could have been over the Moselle and into Germany to the east or, in even less time, across into France to the south. Instead, however, I went by car on a circular tour in a vaguely northerly direction to see some of the six distinct regions which Luxembourg manages to pack into its borders. All of them are tourist-worthy with the exception of the industrial mining region in the south, and present a most pleasing admixture of river valleys, deep forests, craggy castles, quiet towns, quaint customs and a hydro-electric project whose repercussions spread far beyond the borders of the Grand Duchy.

Luxembourg celebrated the millenium of its foundation only last year, but considerably older is the story of Echternach, an hour by bus to the north-east of Luxembourg City where the Sûre river forms the frontier with Germany. The town grew round the Benedictine abbey founded there at the end of the 7th century by St. Willibrord—from Northumberland, no less—whose body lies in the crypt of the imposing Basilica. This great religious complex restored after some considerable war damage (the Abbey was rebuilt in the 18th century and now houses the Lycée), still dominates the little town, whose other claim to fame—the Dancing Procession held on the Tuesday after Whit Monday—would be worth going a long way to see. There can be few more curious religious ceremonies in Europe than this bizarre procession in honour of St. Willibrord (though its origins are older). Led by priests, chanting choristers and musicians, thousands of local people of every age and description proceed to dance five steps forward and three backwards round the town and through the crypt of the Basilica.

The surroundings of Echternach are known as Luxembourg's Little Switzerland. Comparisons are rarely a good thing and the area has sufficient beauty of its own without them: glorious beech woods, hills and steep sandstone cliffs criss-crossed by marked paths ideal for a wanderer's holiday based at one of the little resorts, such as Berdorf or Beaufort, where farms and family hotels rub shoulders in an atmosphere of splendid rural accord. The Grand Duchy is ideally suited and geared to rambling, river-canoeing and fishing holidays.

About 25 miles north-west of Echternach is another historic town, Vianden, site of a formidable castle ruin which saw the marriage of the Houses of Orange and Nassau in the 14th century. Floodlit at night, it is an impressive sight. Victor Hugo took refuge in Vianden during his exile and made many a sketch of this picturesque place. His house, like much of the rest of the town, was destroyed during the last war, but has since been rebuilt to house his many drawings and mementoes.

Vianden is on yet another river frontier with Germany, the Our, which has leapt into fame as the setting for a fine piece of international co-operation adding a new landmark to the Luxembourg map. Somewhat prosaically known as the Vianden Pumped Storage Plant, this huge hydro-electric installation fed by the waters of the Our is one of the largest of its kind and will eventually be able to feed power through distribution networks far across the face of Europe.

West of Vianden lie the Luxembourg Ardennes, sharing with those of Belgium the delightful characteristics of high hills and woods and valleys, through which young rivers such as the Sûre, the Wiltz and Woltz perform the most extravagant contortions. Esch-sur-Sûre is one of the highlights of this area, a little town clinging to a hill round which the Sûre coils one of its innumerable loops. A mile or two from here is another man-made beauty spot: the huge artificial lake which it took the young river Sûre three years to fill.

To the north of Esch is Wiltz, on the river of the same name, where a Broom Festival is held in June when the countryside blazes with the yellow blooms. Yet another river valley resort is Clervaux on the Woltz. All three have medieval castles in various states of repair and, indeed, it would be hard to find a town or village in the Grand Duchy which has not. Seven of them provide another tourist route in the west: through the Esch Valley, popularly known as the Valley of the Seven Castles.

Clervaux is almost the northernmost point of the country and from here you can return to Luxembourg City along the main road which cuts right down the country from north to south. There is no doubt that the capital is very photogenic indeed, with its walls and towers and spires, its undulating aspects and rock faces which require 66 bridges—one for every 1,300 of its inhabitants—to mould it into an entity. It is hardly surprising, then, that for centuries Luxembourg was one of the most powerful fortresses in Europe, remains of which can be seen in the old Citadel of St. Esprit, the great fortifications now transformed into

pleasant gardens and walks, and the 14 miles of underground passages, or casemates, carved out of solid rock. The effect of the illuminations on summer nights is truly memorable.

On the outskirts of the city there are some magnificent beech woods, and the American Military Cemetery of Hamm where over 5,000 graves, including that of General Patton, are moving reminders of an episode from recent history. By the entrance to the cemetery, two great maps give details of that episode, the Battle of the Bulge.

Being one of the main cross-roads of Europe has its disadvantages, for cross-roads are rarely places where people stop and stare. Yet this compact little country is a rewarding place in which to halt awhile.

For further information: Luxembourg National Tourist Office, 66 Haymarket, London, S.W.1.

Means of access: London-Luxembourg City by British Eagle International Airlines, £15 10s to £20 17s return (tourist only) according to time of travel and validity of ticket. By surface travel from £14 17s first-class return; from £10 12s second-class return.

Vianden Castle (above), an impressive ruin, is near the Duchy's river frontier with Germany; (top left) caught in a loop of the River Sûre, the little town of Esch in the Luxembourg Ardennes is very nearly an island

THE BB CULT

280 **The Bernard Berenson Treasury** edited by Hanna Kiel: Methuen. 36s. This is a selection from the works, unpublished writings, letters, diaries and journals covering the years from 1887 to 1958 in the life of the fabulous B.B., the art expert whose signature on the authentication of a painting was worth thousands of pounds to him and to such dealers as Duveen with whom he was in constant touch. B.B. was 94 when he died and unquestionably the greatest art historian of this century. For the last fifty-odd years of his life he lived in Italy, but as a child he had been taken from Europe to Boston and later was educated at Harvard. All his life he kept his loyalty to America and particularly to the city he knew best while he was in fact living at the heart of a European culture. Although works of art were his lifelong preoccupation he was also a writer and a man of wide interests. His circle of friends was immense and international; his judgments on matters of art were granted an authority beyond which there was no appeal. The present book—in spite of its unimaginative title—gives one some idea of Berenson's Protean qualities and of the mainstring of his intellectual life which he once expressed in a letter: "To be forever learning, never to petrify—that is what I yearn for."

Sunset and Twilight by Bernard Berenson: Hamish Hamilton. 42s, is the diary of his last 11 years from which one can deduce the scholar and the man as he was even at that advanced age. When Berenson was communing with himself, his mind ranged over the widest variety of subjects from the ever-present questions of paintings to the subject of new and old books: "Buying books has become a disease," he wrote when he was 82, and on to politics, agriculture, the relationship between men and women and the consequences of being a Jew. One thing that emerges most clearly from this long, rich volume is his enormous interest in other people. His villa, I Tatti, had become a fable during his lifetime, a repository for the greatest works in Tuscan art; he himself was a legend to whom visitors came as on pilgrimage. Hardly a day passed without his receiving either friends or new acquaintances and his notes on them are as astute and clear-sighted as anything in the book. In the last entry he writes that he remains sceptical about his personality. He could not have known that through this book the reader would be given such an intensely personal view of it.

Suffolk Prospect by Justin and Edith Brooke: Faber. 25s. The authors of this charming book had lived for 34 years in that tranquil and by no means over-publicised county before they undertook to write about its western part. They refer to this as the less sophisticated side but indeed sophistication cannot really be the term that springs to one's mind when thinking of Suffolk. It is on the whole though, a subtle place, not offering its beauties too brashly but keeping them as it were for the true country lover. Suffolk people are said to have a high degree of resistance to other people's ways and perhaps this accounts, quite naturally, for the region's own survival in so untouched a way.

I Know What I'm Worth by Vicki Baum: Michael Joseph. 30s. Vicki Baum wrote this autobiography shortly before her death three years ago. She took the title from her own laughing estimate of her literary value. "I know what I'm worth: I am a first-class second-rate author," she once said and however great that understatement it reflects the author's humour and modesty as well as a whole chapter of self-analysis. She grew up in Vienna but, on the rise of Hitlerism, moved to Los Angeles which was her headquarters for the rest of her life. She was in her seventies when she died, a traveller, a romanticist, a woman of great practical good sense and above all a born story-teller. *Grand Hotel* was the greatest of her successes but she had many more, not least the courage and vitality she brought to her own life.

The Long Avenues by James Turner: Cassell. 18s, is a sequel to the author's novel, *The Crimson Moth*, and deals still further with the exploits of his character, Nicholas, now an undergraduate at Oxford. The present book shows the boy emerging from adolescence to the first years of his maturity and Mr Turner has brought a simplicity of style and a sensitive awareness of young people's emotional states to the writing of an unusually interesting book.

The Life of Riley by Anthony Cronin: Secker and Warburg. 18s. Riley is an Irishman who wakes up one day to the firm belief that the world owes him a living and that working routine and other such dull matters should be relegated to limbo. On this happy premise he chucks his job and advances on Dublin's society which he discovers to be only sporadically generous. Moving to London Riley has many a drink with what are described as the professional Celts of the BBC and also he falls on harder days and seedier living. Mr Cronin, who is himself an Irish writer, has wit and a sharp sense of the tragi-comic.

Sleep Till Noon Day by Richard Purslow: Heinemann. 18s, is a first novel by a new writer with a straightforward literary manner and the advantage of one unusual literary gimmick. As an experienced climber himself he is able to write convincingly and excitingly about the climbing of mountains and in this case the Snowdon range.

A FEAST OF VICTORIANA

The Age of Equipoise by W. L. Burn: Allen and Unwin. 45s.
Gladstone and the Bulgarian Agitation 1876 by R. T. Shannon: Nelson. 42s.
Three Victorian Travellers by Thomas J. Assad: Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.
Nothing Extenuate by F. Renad Cooper: Barrie and Rockliff. 30s.
The Deep Six by Captain R. G. Edwards: Herbert Jenkins. 21s.
Hunting in Africa by Frank C. Hibben: Robert Hale. 18s.

To sum up the character and quality of the mid-Victorian age, the '50's and '60's of the last century, to find new labels for those thrustful energetic folk who yet set such great store by conformity, is surely courting contradictions and can only reveal infinite variety. Mr W. L. Burn, intent on finding a golden thread running through the fabric of mid-Victorian life, calls it *The Age of Equipoise*, and points—in this carefully reasoned work—to its notable degree of cohesiveness and stability. Well of course he is quite right, the disciplines of the church and the chapel, of the home and the family, of the estate, of the factory, of the great country house were absolute. Only the very rich and the very poor could evade such disciplines. The age was so stable because so many people were penned in; how else could great economic and political inequalities be sustained, and how certain it was that soon after the '70's the breaking of the bonds would occur in no uncertain fashion. *The Age of Equipoise* has lucidity stemming from close research, but one really must ask the question: has this detailed examination proved in any special degree rewarding? Has Mr Burn's mid-Victorian journey been really necessary?

In contrast to Mr Burn, and his broad appraisal of mid-Victorian England, Dr R. T. Shannon, Lecturer in English History at the University of East Anglia, has produced a piece of specialist scholarship in a relatively restricted field in his study of Gladstone and the Bulgarian Agitation of 1876. Dr Shannon shows how the iniquities of Turkish misrule, the atrocities inflicted by the Turks on their Bulgarian subjects, stirred the heart of Europe and not least the Victorian public conscience. With these events Gladstone emerged from the political shadows into which he had withdrawn. He became indeed the first statesman of high rank to plead, in a world still ruled by obsolete traditions of diplomacy, for a finer conception of national duty. How Gladstone roused the country almost single-handed and swept Disraeli from office was one of the wonders of the age and changed the political face of Britain. Dr Shannon asks us, however, to think of the theme of the agitation in its own right before the theme of Gladstone in relation to it, and he is at pains to correct what he is sure has been a distortion of history.

Also probing the Victorian scene is Thomas J. Assad whose *Three Victorian Travellers* is an assessment of the quality and character of Sir Richard Francis Burton, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, and Charles Montagu Doughty, all three most unconventional men, all three writers, and all interested in the Arabian world. If we must agree that the Victorian age was one of conformity it is all the more remarkable that it should have produced men as unconventional as these. Doughty's quest was perhaps the most significant, seeking as he did the origins of Christianity and humanity. Blunt thought more along the lines of T. E. Lawrence and the championing of Arab independence. Finally Burton emerges as the restless wanderer and quick-witted scholar making his wanderlust serve the practical needs of science. All three made Britain intensely aware of Arab tradition.

In his Victorian heyday Fox Cooper was dramatist, journalist, theatrical manager, actor, critic and poet; he edited and published newspapers, tried his hand at parliamentary reporting, and was perhaps not surprisingly often insolvent, in part no doubt because he never pursued any one operation for more than a year and he pursued a variety of objectives simultaneously.

In the main, this is a novel of suspense and very effectively done it is. There is still a certain awkwardness about the dialogue but for the rest Mr Purslow has achieved a creditable start in the world of fiction.

A Need to Love by Martha Buren: Michael Joseph. 21s, has been translated from the Swedish by Joan Tate and has its setting in an old manor house in Sweden. Here a good-looking, extravagant man feels himself trapped by his marriage to a more introspective character (the narrator of the story) and by the close companionship of a mother whom he judges to be stupid. To this not especially resigned household comes a very young man and through him a new introduction to gentleness and affection. The author is already a best-seller in her own country.

To Drain the Sea by Jan Dobraczynski: Heinemann. 21s, translated from the Polish by H. C. Stevens. There are likenesses between this powerful novel and the early work of H. G. Wells which the reader will spot without too much difficulty. The author supposes that there has been a miscalculated nuclear explosion in North Africa which destroys the greater part of Europe and has the Pope as one of its victims. This leaves the Church of Rome without a visible head and with only three Cardinals to govern it. Mr Dobraczynski's story has a very real impact and a humanity not entirely expected in such a terrible theme.

Tell Me a Riddle by Tillie Olsen: Faber. 15s, is a first collection of short stories (there are only four of them), by an original American writer of whom no less an authority than Mrs Dorothy Parker has written that " she can spend no word that is not the right one." Unusual material and by no means banal. **Vernon Fane**

He was also perpetually on the move, and Mr Renad Cooper, Fox Cooper's great-grandson and his diligent biographer, has found no fewer than 50 private addresses used by this jack of many trades. Fox Cooper's intellectual gifts were considerable, but with them went a fatal instability of character. In the theatre world of his own day he was a gay and restless figure redeemed by his great gift of friendship. He was certainly no villain but there was something of the cheerful rogue about him, and if he inspired the affection of his contemporaries in the London theatre it strongly appears that his memory has inspired also the affection of his great-grandson.

Captain R. G. Edwards, one of the last of the modern sea captains to learn his trade in sail, tells of his experiences in *The Deep Six*, an action-packed narrative in the usual manner of such books; but this is certainly one with more than the usual ration of excitement, not a little of it due to the tensions built up on long ocean voyages with a hard-case skipper and a crew " of pierhead jumps and grog shop dandies."

Frank C. Hibben, who has hunted on four continents, describes in *Hunting In Africa* some of his major safaris in jungle and desert. Mr Hibben's interest in conservation is considerable, but on the whole, his approach to big game hunting and bagging trophy specimens is in the Teddy Roosevelt tradition. **Richard Edmonds**

THE ROYAL FILM

Above: Back from her island, Ellen (Doris Day) offers Scotch to the mother-in-law who thought she was dead
Top: Two wives are too many for James Garner, seen with Polly Bergen (left), Miss Ritter and Miss Day

THIS year's choice for the Royal Film Performance at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on Monday is *Move Over Darling*, a glossy Hollywood comedy in which Doris Day plays Ellen Arden who, after being marooned on a desert island for five years, returns home to learn that her husband Nick (James Garner), believing her to be dead, has just married again. Besides the bright acting of its stars, the film is notable for the performances of Polly Bergen, as the second wife, and Thelma Ritter, as a bewildered mother-in-law.

Photographed by Tom Hustler

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY: **SIR ERIC YARROW**

Sir Eric Yarrow, Bart., Chairman and Managing Director of Yarrow and Company Limited, is one of the younger leading Scottish industrialists. Educated at Marlborough College and Glasgow University, his studies were interrupted by the war. In 1940 he joined the Royal Engineers, attaining the rank of Major at the age of 24, and was awarded the M.B.E. in the Burma Campaign. After the war, Sir Eric undertook a period of training with the English Electric Company, having served a pre-war apprenticeship with G. and J. Weir Ltd. in Glasgow, and Augustin Normand in Le Havre. He joined Yarrow and Co. in 1946 as Assistant Manager and was appointed a Director in 1948. In 1958 he had become Managing Director and four years later was also appointed Chairman of the Company. Under his guidance an extensive scheme of development and modernisation has been carried out at the works at Scotstoun. Sir Eric devotes much of his time to organisations connected with the shipbuilding industry. He is a member of the Policy Committee and Executive Board of the Shipbuilding Conference, and of the Council of the Royal Institution of Naval Architects. His firm's activities are not confined to shipbuilding and engineering. There is an extensive Land Boiler Department at Scotstoun equal in importance to the marine interests of the firm; also, the production of printing presses has become a new feature of the Company's diversification activities. Within the firm's organisation there is the Yarrow-Admiralty Research Department which undertakes all types of design work for the Royal and Merchant navies and is closely associated with the application of nuclear power for ship propulsion. Sir Eric Yarrow is also a Director of the Clydesdale Bank and the Standard Life Assurance Company. He is a past Deacon of the Incorporation of Hammermen of Glasgow and a member of the Court of the Worshipful Company of Shipwrights. His hobbies include golf and shooting. He is President of the Scottish Convalescent Home for Children and takes the closest interest in youth welfare. Married, he has three sons

CHANNEL CHOICE

by The Sphere Industrial Correspondent

From north-west London, it will probably always be quicker for me to take a car down to Southend Airport and fly it over to Calais, as I happen to be doing this week, than it would be to go via any tunnel with an entrance sited between Dover and Folkestone. And as for the choice between kinds of tunnel, I prefer the kind in which you drive onto a shuttle train, as for example between Modane and Bardonnechia on the Franco-Italian frontier, to long bouts of featureless driving in artificial light. More than 20 miles of a road tunnel has always sounded to me rather a frightening proposition, and I have never been persuaded that a Channel bridge, considering the safety precautions necessary, could have been made much more interesting as a piece of driving.

The British and French Governments' decision that a rail tunnel would be a wise investment (though not quite yet) and that the scope for private-enterprise capital in the development looks rather small has inevitably aroused much criticism from various groups of businessmen: the eventual consumer tends to be rather indifferent. On both sides of the Channel, road haulage operators and steel companies have joined with certain constructional engineering firms to make propaganda, up to the very last minute, for a bridge or combined bridge-plus-road tunnels. The Channel Tunnel Study Group, and the various private finance groups that have proposed development of the tunnel with international private financing, were naturally disappointed by being more or less completely turned down. In spite of the hurry in Channel Tunnel Company shares immediately after the announcement, the joint governmental statement left private finance little chance of participation, as investors subsequently realised.

Whatever the governments eventually decide, however, the chance for private enterprise in moving cars across the Channel, over the next five to ten years, is perhaps brighter than it has ever been; and it is by no means certain that this will be simply a short-term investment chance. The same day as the tunnel announcement came, one private operator, George Nott Industries, announced that it was going ahead regardless with plans to develop its own car ship ferry service across the short sea route. A Norwegian company is starting another service between Southampton and Cherbourg, and further ships will be coming into service during the next year or two. The biggest car ferry operator at present remains British Railways; but the decision to go ahead with the tunnel presumably means that plans to build new ships for replacement and expansion of the present service will be reviewed—leaving more room for the private operators.

The commercial balance between these various forms of cross-Channel car transport, however, is a shifting and rather tricky one. The air ferry systems gained their present position during a period when car holidays abroad were growing very fast indeed, and when the drive-on-drive-off ships, at peak holiday periods, simply did not offer the capacity to cope with demand. There is no particular need to fear any marked diminution in the growth of demand. Though the inflation of prices on the Continent at present, plus the growing congestion of roads in favourite holiday areas abroad, could give the British holidaymaker pause when he considers value for money, sun (and snow) remain potent magnets. But the capacity on the car ferries has been growing, and may for a few years grow faster than the demand, which will tend to reduce the overspill of vehicles onto the air links. For many people, the car ferry seems safer as well as somewhat cheaper—particularly when there is not all that much time in it, after a longish drive in England, and one still gets no farther than the French coast.

Increases in capacity on the car ferries, therefore, have necessarily driven the air operators to make use of their firmer potential advantage—going to inland destinations, and much faster. A saving of two or three hours from Channel port to Channel port may be marginal; a saving of a day's driving between London and Paris, say, would be much more substantial. No such service yet exists, because the airports of these capitals are heavily engaged with airlines getting a higher payload out of passengers alone. But from Southend and Lydd one can already fly to Geneva, Basle, and during this year to southern France, which puts passengers and car well on the road to any destination on the Continent.

These journeys are not cheap; but then neither are the " car sleeper " services that the railways have been running for some years. These are highly convenient too, in that one can go with one's car, say, from Dover to Lyons or Milan; but of late the demand on some of these rail services has been lagging. The price of a sleeping compartment on the Continent compares rather badly with the price that British travellers are used to; even a couchette, six to a carriage, costs one not much short of what British Railways are accustomed to charge for their very comfortable first-class sleepers between London and Scotland. One saves petrol, one or two nights spent in an hotel, and a good deal of wear and tear in Continental driving. It might be that the depth of " penetration " that makes these services a paying proposition—well beyond Paris or Brussels, for example, and in Britain beyond London (Manchester, Newcastle, Coventry and the like)—fails to tap that very large proportion of potential foreign visitors who prefer, or at any rate tend, to move between capitals.

From the railwayman's point of view a Channel tunnel would offer much greater scope for the capital-to-capital movement of vehicles, as well as of passengers and other freight, by avoiding all the complications of transhipment. The main vehicular traffic envisaged, however, would be in shuttle trains from one end of the tunnel to the other, debouching in the Channel ports as at present. Both road systems, in south-east England and northern France, would need considerable reinforcement. Direct investment in the Channel tunnel and terminals was estimated last year as £160 million; push that forward three or four years for a start, and then consider further development of prices during a five- to seven-year period of construction, and one would be lucky to get much change out of, say, £250 million.

This would not be an enormous sum in relation to various other big public commitments, or represent any very large call on resources over a five year period in Britain and France. Nevertheless, part of the call would fall on the normal construction industries of the two countries, which are already overstrained and liable to remain so for some years. So the period of grace in which private enterprise has the chance to deal with an expansion of cross-Channel motor traffic could easily be eight years and might well stretch out to 12. Considering that conventional traffic is not all going to be sucked through the tunnel when it becomes available, there is plenty of time for sizeable profits to be made out of moving cars to the Continent. *(See also page 292)*

Someday passengers and vehicles will throng the terminal at the British end of the Channel tunnel in Kent. This model, complete with station platforms, restaurant, passport and customs offices, shows the proposed layout

BATTLE AGAINST THE SEA

284 Were it not for the construction of sea defences and the gradual reclamation of land around the shores of Great Britain, the total area of these islands might be very much less than 89,000 square miles. Day and night the sea pounds the coastline, eroding cliff faces and beaches.

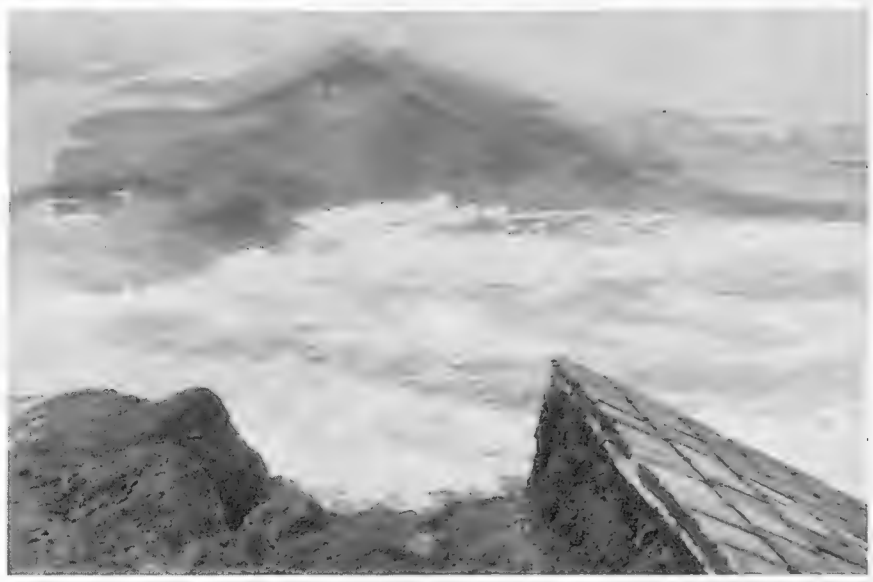
For centuries, protection has been carried out around the coasts wherever the inhabitants have found themselves threatened by invasion from the sea. Before the age of concrete and heavyweight earth-moving equipment, the battle was often lost, and there are not a few villages and towns that have simply disappeared under the advancing sea. But on balance it is thought that since Tudor times more land has been gained than has been lost.

The physical geography of Great Britain is such that the struggle to save the coastline is fiercest in the east. On the west coast the rocky seaboard is rugged enough to defy the massive blows of the waves breaking in endlessly from the Atlantic. But in the south and east the story has been very different. On the south coast a great deal has to be done to save cliff faces from erosion and to retain for its famous resorts their stretches of golden sand. It is on the east coast that the matter is most serious. From the Thames Estuary to the River Humber in the north, most of the land is low-lying. There, the flood disasters of February, 1953 are remembered as the worst on record. In 1,200 places up and down the length of the coast, the sea tore breaches in the existing defences, swept over 160,000 acres of land, washing away property, flooding over 200 factories, drowning livestock and taking 300 human lives. The total cost was afterwards put at £30 million.

As a result of that disaster, the whole question of sea defences acquired a new urgency. The Government appointed a Departmental Committee under Viscount Waverley to examine the causes of the floods and consider what measures should be taken to secure a reasonable margin of safety against them. An immediate impetus was given to the work of the various River Boards in low-lying areas subject to flooding and to the work of Local Government Authorities in those areas where cliff faces and seaside promenades had to be protected. In the 11 years since 1953, thousands of tons of cement, sand and concrete have been moved by contractors to build improved defences against the sea. The technical problems have been considerable, but so too have the problems of deciding which areas to give priority treatment, and how to finance the heavy capital costs involved in work which is of enormous importance to both local inhabitants and to the nation as a whole.

In its report, the Waverley Committee made it clear from the start that there was no question of ever securing complete protection from flooding: the best practicable solution would have to be found in the provision of an efficient warning system leading to early evacuation of the threatened areas and in the selective protection of vital land. The Committee's estimate of what any future threat might be was based on detailed research into the causes of sea flooding.

Whereas inland flooding may be caused by heavy rainfall or a sudden thaw, sea flooding is the result of much more powerful forces: the tide and the wind. Tides vary seasonally with the varying gravitational pull of the sun and the moon. When their pull is in opposite directions the tide—a neap tide—is relatively small. When it is combined, spring tides occur with a rise and fall of between 17 and 18 ft. By itself, the effect of the tide on the sea level *continued on page 286*



Above: High seas break over the sea-front at Lowestoft on the Suffolk coast in February, 1953. Continual pounding of this kind breached sea walls and flooded vast areas of the east coast

Left: A sea wall breached on the Essex coast in 1953. Subsequently much more concrete was to be used in sea defence work

Right: Sea defences on the Lincolnshire coast. Before the construction of the sea wall, the low-lying agricultural land was protected from unusually high seas by sand dunes and the man-made sand bank

Below: Immediately after the flood disaster of 1953, stop-gap measures were undertaken by River Boards up and down the east coast. Here, RAF personnel help to repair with sand bags a breach in the sea wall at Canvey Island in the Thames Estuary

BATTLE AGAINST THE SEA *continued from page 284*

Above: The incoming tide flooding over a breached sea wall into factory premises at Purfleet, Essex, on February 1, 1953

Above centre: After the floods, a sheet steel piled wall was driven along the frontage of Purfleet Deep Wharf and Storage Co. Ltd. The more important sea walls were raised by up to 3 ft. above the 1953 surge level

Above right: Pre-cast concrete blocks were used in the new sea wall in front of Cory's Wharf at Purfleet

Right: In front of the new sea wall at Seasalter in Kent, Rush and Tompkins Ltd. drive piles for new groynes on the foreshore. Groynes or breakwaters are an essential part of sea defences where sand and shingle have to be retained

Right, centre: The concrete sea wall at Seasalter cast *in situ* by Rush and Tompkins

Below: Three 29-ton *Stabits*, a recently developed form of sea defence

is sufficiently regular for it to be catered for. Together with the effects of the wind, however. the sea level is liable to rise well above its normal, An exceptionally strong wind blowing for any length of time on the surface of the sea produces what is called a *surge*—an accumulation of high water driven in the direction of the wind.

The geophysical causes of tides and surges are unrelated; they do not necessarily happen at the same time, nor necessarily in the same direction. But when they do, the height of sea water along the sea coast may be dangerously high, even as high as it was in 1953. The sea level then was accompanied by a violent wave action whipped up by the wind and it was this continual pounding that was responsible for breaching sea defences, particularly the weaker form, the unprotected earth or clay wall.

One of the few technical recommendations of the Waverley Committee was that damage to defences of this type could be diminished if their surfaces were protected from wave action by the use of a hard covering, a 'waterproof carpet,' such as asphalt-concrete, and this method has been adopted widely by River Boards everywhere. Pre-cast concrete blocks are grouted in bitumen on the seaward slope of the wall, while the reverse side is planted with grass and strengthened where necessary with revetments or retaining walls to counter the eroding action of any waves breaking over the top of the defence.

Attention to the destructive power of waves breaking on sea walls has led recently to the development of more sophisticated forms of defence. One of these is the *Stabit*, a hollow concrete tetrahedron block, designed to be placed on the foreshore in a long interlocking mesh. The idea is that the blocks should disperse the force of the waves before they ever reach the sea wall behind them. *Stabits* have been tested at the National Hydraulics Laboratory at Wallingford and have been used for the first time in Britain in a sea protection scheme for the CEGB at Shoreham-on-Sea in Sussex.

The cost of building and maintaining sea defences of any kind can be very high, sometimes as high as £30 a yard. River Boards obtain the funds they need primarily *continued on page 288*

Left: The sea wall protecting the Hinkley Point Power Station was built for the CEGB by The Taylor Woodrow Group

Above: At Birchington, Kent, a concrete block sea wall is constructed by Holland, Hannen & Cubitts Ltd. to save the cliff face

BATTLE AGAINST THE SEA *continued from page 286*

from the county or county borough councils within their area. In this way the burden of cost is spread over a wide body of ratepayers. Where a new wall is to be built or a new one raised in height, a grant is available from the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. But no grants are made for maintenance or normal repair work, in spite of a recommendation by the Waverley Committee. And in the case of new sea defences no grants are made unless the improvement in the value of the land to be protected would be considered sufficient by a 'prudent investor' to justify the capital cost. These restrictions have meant that many hundreds of improvement schemes have been held up, for the value to 'prudent investors' of agricultural land along many coasts has not and is not increasing, and industrialists are not likely to build factories in areas not already protected from the hazards of sea flooding. It would probably take a repetition of the 1953 floods to bring about a change of heart in Whitehall and induce further large scale national spending on defences against the sea. A further spur to action would be a wider realisation that over a long period the average level of the sea recorded at various points around the coasts of Britain has been rising something like 9 in. to 1 ft. over the past 100 years, though whether this is the result of the sinking of the land or the gradual melting of the Polar cap, or some other cause, is still a matter of conjecture.

Top: Part of a 6½ mile sea wall built by Taylor Woodrow Construction Ltd. round Chetney Point near Sittingbourne, Kent, for the Kent River Board

Above and right: Breaches in the stone and earth sea wall at the Duke of York's slipway Tenby, Pembrokeshire, are repaired to prevent further erosion

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

FORTUNE IN PHOTOGRAPHY

by The Sphere City Correspondent

Until two years ago the only thing a London stockbroker needed to know about photography was how to press the button for his happy holiday snaps. The camera business was of almost negligible interest to investors—the only important share quoted was Ilford, with its not very exciting record as runner-up to Kodak. But what a change has come over the picture, since the quota restrictions on Japanese imports were raised in January, 1962.

Photography has emerged as probably the fastest growing hobby in Britain, with more and more people spending an ever larger proportion of their spare cash on it. Last year, altogether, they sank something like £60 million in film, range-finders, projectors, cine-screens, zoom lenses and all the rest of the equipment essential to recording the children for posterity. And on the Stock Exchange there were probably more intriguing new issues in the photographic sector than in any other part of the economy.

The most spectacular newcomer has probably been Dixon's Photographic, which ten years ago was just a couple of portrait and passport shops in Edgware, North London. Its young managing director Stanley Kalms, however, decided that taking pictures was much less profitable than selling other people the apparatus to take their own, and expansion since then has verged on the explosive.

The group now has 42 opulently laid-out " camera centres " scattered around the country —a far cry from the cluttered chemists' counters which used to be the backbone of the trade. It negotiates large-scale contracts with Japanese and other overseas manufacturers to supply cameras and other equipment to its own design and price-bracket (mostly in the £30 and upwards range—the humble box is of little significance in Kalms' thinking), and has recently extended its interests into colour film. The company was floated publicly in 1962, and since then the profits have jumped a clear 80 per cent., with plenty of scope for further improvement. The shares, originally offered at 8s, are now 25s 6d, but there are no signs yet that the steam has gone out of the management.

Dixon's have had only one real set-back so far. They wanted to add the old, rather staid Jerome business, with its 24 portrait studios, to their growing empire. But they were outbid by their most aggressive rivals, the Bennett family, who also operate from Edgware. And now, renamed Bennett Cameras, the combined enterprises, with a total of 53 branches, have emerged as another very formidable photographic complex. There is also a big and profitable mail order side (as with Dixon's) and although the first year's figures under the new management have yet to appear, the market, which rates the shares on a 2·1 per cent. dividend yield basis (against Dixon's 2·9 per cent.), is expecting an impressive result.

Bennett and Dixon are essentially retailers. But Mr C. G. Strasser, who runs his Photopia International group from Newcastle-under-Lyme, has achieved an equally progressive record by concentrating on the wholesale end of the business. He has agencies for leading photographic manufacturers in Germany, Italy, Liechtenstein and the USA, as well as Japan, with 41 overseas suppliers in all, and he now deals with hospitals, government offices, newspapers and industrial concerns all over the country, as well as 3,500 retail outlets. Profits jumped by a third in 1963, with a " most satisfactory increase in turnover since," and at 19s yielding a more than twice covered 4·5 per cent, the shares look a distinctly attractive buy.

Two more recent entries to the market, Johnson's of Hendon, and Photax (London), have had a less dramatic debut, perhaps due to the soggy pre-election state of the market. But Photax particularly, with the exclusive distributorship for Yashica cameras, which produce more than half the profits, looks several shillings undervalued at the present price of £1.

The real disappointment, however, remains Ilford. For ten years now, the Essex company has been trying to get on terms with the juicy colour-film market. ICI turned over the results of its own £6 million research effort, and in exchange bought a third of the Ilford equity. More recently there has been a deal with CIBA, the extremely successful Swiss chemical firm. But despite all this high-class technical backing, Ilford still lags far behind. Its vast American rival Eastman-Kodak probably holds three-quarters of the booming British market and Agfa, Schluessner and now Dixon's are all strong.

There are signs at last that the " very thorough overhaul " of the Ilford organisation, " including its top management " is at last producing results —profits, after staying absolutely flat for a decade, rose 5 per cent., last year—but the sort of expansion achieved by such firms as the Belgian Photo Gevaert (rated as one of Europe's hottest growth shares) seems to have completely escaped them. Which is very sad when you consider how many people there are about whose only ambition in life seems to be to surround themselves with fuzzy polychromatic representations of their nearest and dearest.

YOU BE THE JUDGE...

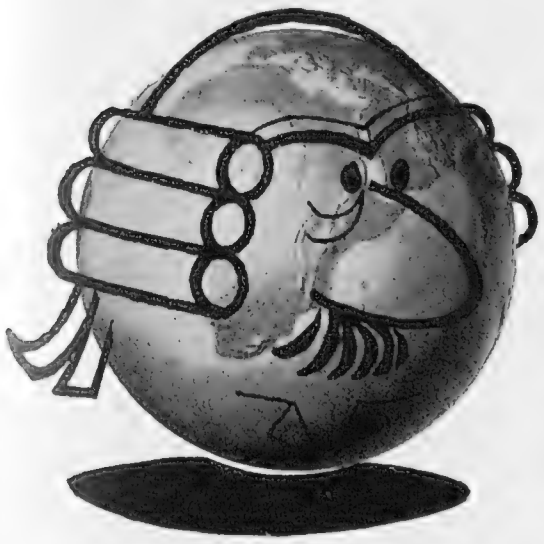
...and consider this argument on the charge that South Africa is a "police state".

'Once again the prosecution's case is clear, m'lud. From the evidence it would appear that all opposition to the current South African regime has been outlawed . . .'

'M'lud, I must protest! If *all* opposition had been proscribed, then about half of South Africa's white population and very many of the non-whites would now be outlawed, as well as the staff of about a dozen newspapers!'

'My learned friend is surely not denying that many opponents of the system have been imprisoned without trial?'

'Yes, I am! There has been no evidence of imprisonment without trial. That seems to be the prerogative of some of the new African nations. South Africa has indeed detained for questioning a number of suspected saboteurs, but all but a few of these have already been released or brought to trial in open court.



'I submit, m'lud, that these men thus "detained" represent the *real* opposition to the regime. So do the many others who *have* been banned or banished without trial.'

'And I submit, m'lud, that it is pointless to continue discussing the question of opposition in South Africa in an academic void. It can be discussed realistically only within the context of the realities of the world situation and of South Africa's own unique circumstances . . .'

'And what, pray, are these "unique circumstances"?'

'Those that we have established in argument on the previous charges. The key to the whole problem is the fact that the white South Africans are not settler individuals. They are a nation. They demand no more and no less than any other nation—the right to self-determination. And it is precisely this right that much of the "opposition" does not concede to the South Africans—simply because this nation remains the greatest single obstacle to their objectives...'

'And who are these mysterious enemies of South Africa? My learned friend will presumably suggest that they are communists?'

'In the first place, yes! South Africa is, after all, the *only* sovereign state in Africa that is unreservedly committed to the cause of the West. What's more, her orderly progress is unique in all Africa. What more *obvious* target for the agents of communism!

'That is not in dispute. What is in dispute is South Africa's definition of communism. Any democrat that makes things awkward for the authorities seems to be in danger of being dubbed a communist—and "detained" . . .'

'South Africa is aware of these jibes. But she invariably has the last laugh—knowing, as she does, the cunning of communism. Its pattern of subversion is universal. First, genuine communists pass themselves off successfully as respectable "democrats" or "freedom fighters". Then, when they have achieved their aims, they reveal their true faith. The most recent object lesson has been East Africa. The "agonising reappraisals" that have followed events there fully vindicate, I suggest, South Africa's uncompromising stand against communism.'

'The fact remains, m'lud, that not all those banned or banished by South Africa can possibly be communists.'

'No, there are also the "Africanists". At best they differ from the communists only in motives and aims. The target is the same. For the only South Africa acceptable to them is one in which black will dominate white absolutely. They, too, must therefore eliminate the white South African nation—at all costs! Of this they make no secret. "Liberation armies" and saboteurs are being trained quite openly. What's more, last year the Addis Ababa conference of African states practically declared war on South Africa . . .'

'M'lud, my learned friend's defence seems to rest entirely on the struggle for survival in which the white South Africans see themselves engaged . . .'

'By no means! The South Africans are not only defending their own nationhood—as they are fully entitled to do. They are also defending Africa's most successful and stable state against subversion.

'Of course they would protect their prosperity! But this is still no more than a matter purely of South African self-interest.'

'No sir, it is not. Fundamentally you and I and every other westerner are intimately involved in this struggle. For if the communists or the Africanists were to achieve their ends, the West's last bastion in Africa would be permanently lost. Gone, too, would be *all* individual liberty. Instead, there would be only chaos and misery—as the record elsewhere shows. I submit, m'lud, that South Africa has no more case to answer than any other country would have, if it ever found itself in a similar position.'

What do you think? Further information is available from the Department of Information, South Africa House, London W.C.2

GOOD LIVING *by Ganymede*

290 As one would expect, I had a most interesting few days when I took part in the meeting of the Council of the International Federation of Gastronomic Writers recently in Switzerland. I had my quarters in the brand new, very comfortable Hotel Central at Neuchâtel, but all our discussions and lunches and dinners took place at an ancient inn, the Auberge d'Hauterive at the small village of the same name, perched on the hillside overlooking the lake among precipitous vineyards. Here in a background which my French speaking colleagues would describe as " rustique " as well as " très sympathique," the patron, M Georges Mugellesi, looked after our dietary needs royally.

He is a big man with a big heart, who obviously loves good food and wine, and it must be for that reason that he has changed from being a " professeur de tennis " to a most enthusiastic, capable and charming chef-patron, and found his true métier. It is obvious from his name that his ancestry is Swiss-Italian, and part of his reputation is based on his Italian specialities. This bias made every meal just that much more interesting, for more often than not our first course would be a delicious pasta dish. He would personally supervise the dishing up and his pleasure at our enjoyment was too obvious to be missed. According to frequent Continental custom, invariably a second huge dish was produced to tempt us with second helpings. Canelloni Neuchâtelois, Tortellini " Auberge d'Hauterive," Lasagne Verde Ticinese followed as first courses, and each was more exciting than its predecessor.

But this was only part of the charm of M Mugellesi's cuisine. He likes cooking on a turning spit over glowing charcoal, with remarkable results. There was a delightful marinated leg of pork cooked in this way (Jambon Frais Mariné à la Broche), and at another meal the Entrecôte aux Herbes à la Broche, a beautifully underdone, exceptionally tender, boned and rolled piece of sirloin. There was the Brochet Poché with the lightest Sauce Hollandaise, and several times another Mugellesi speciality, Carrousel de Salades, a most comprehensive selection of many salads. There was at every meal the full gamut of the best Swiss cheeses, including the delicate Vacherin Mont d'Or, only in season for a few winter months, and always an attractive dessert, of which I remember most yet another speciality, an exquisite parfait glacé made of blackcurrants.

These were informal meals for the working members of the Council, and then, the last evening, came the great occasion of the final banquet, to celebrate the foundation of the Swiss constituent association, and at which the most important local dignitaries were present. This dinner was different, it was presented and " executed " by the Confréri des Fins Becs de Saint-Blaise, a unique gastronomic society. Its members from all walks of life meet regularly every week, when they learn and practise cooking under the guidance of a professional chef. It has 17 members, including officials, tradesmen and businessmen, their president is M Cyprien Barmaverain, maître ramoneur, which translated means master chimney sweep.

The 17 Fins Becs invaded the kitchen of the Auberge early that afternoon and between them cooked and presented a most ambitious diner de gala: La Palée de Notre Lac (excellent little fish from the lake), Le Consommée du Laboureur, Le Chevreuil des Roches with Les Spaetzlis, Le Rêve de Maître Goupil (the " maître " is the fox in Lafontaine's fable), formed the basic part of this gargantuan repast served with suitable ceremony. The best and most decorated brass band of the Canton added a magnificent noise to our enjoyment playing their now chromium-plated blaring instruments. They played a jolly Swiss march and the 17 chef-hatted Fins Becs, wearing their insignia, marched in to take their bow to vigorous applause. Needless to say that during all these meals we sampled the best wines of the region, red, white and pink, offered by a different local grower each time. Surprising, perhaps, but between the many feasts we managed to get through some serious and important work.

MIDLANDS MATTERS *by The Sphere Midlands Correspondent*

Just before leaving Paris for Le Havre, where he was joining Birmingham's other new millionaire, Harry Cressman, of Bristol Street Motors, for a ten-day winter cruise, Mr Chris Bryant, head of the Midlands' most rapidly expanding civil engineering and building firm, learned that he would shortly be signing a cheque—or cheques—for more than £1 million. This covers one of the largest land deals completed in the Midlands in post-war years. For 65 acres adjoining the Rover car works at Solihull, it represents a record figure of £16,200 an acre.

When a rival bidder was informed the deal had been completed and that the figure was " astronomical," his comment was: " It must be. My own bid was for nearly £800,000." And so Bryant Holdings take on their biggest challenge. Furthermore, everyone at headquarters seems delighted. Certainly " Mr Chris " has an enthusiastic and formidable technical team behind him. Only recently, at Kidderminster, in conjunction with Concrete, Ltd., Bryants put up blocks of flats ahead of schedule using the Wall-Frame system—the first time a solely British industrialised building system had been employed in this country (and more flats are due soon at Rugby). The planning then, as it will be on the £1 million Solihull site, was done by critical path analysis, to which more and more construction firms are turning, as I suggested last week.

Mr Bryant, still only 40, took an honours civil engineering degree at Birmingham University, but since he succeeded to the chairmanship a year ago he has increasingly displayed outstanding talents on the financial side as well—a combination that has, perhaps more than anything else, helped him to go ahead so strongly and become one of the " Top Twelve " in the country. Behind an amiable and relaxed manner lies a keen brain and an ability to delegate—unusual in one building up a company. Including completion of the half-way stage of the Birmingham Inner Ring Road, the University halls of residence, and city's new dental hospital, each worth more than £1 million, Bryants have around £18 million's worth of contracts on hand.

Shakespeare in the red

It is five months since I reported the gloomy news from Stratford-upon-Avon's principal asset in the Shakespeare industry (I mean the Royal Shakespeare Theatre—and I am perfectly well aware of the claims of Holy Trinity or the Birthplace). With an annual loss of around £40,000 to be written off, and faced with constantly rising costs, Peter Hall and his enthusiastic team made it quite clear that even the first-ever Arts Council grant of £40,000 this year would do no more than bridge part of the gap. The doubling of this grant for 1964-65, and another £10,000 for the following year, are welcome figures—but Mr Hall has himself said that £100,000 is the minimum needed.

As I write the governors of the Theatre have not announced whether they consider the increased grants will allow them to keep working at two theatres (Stratford and the Aldwych), but a London housewife, Mrs S. Hickson, of Blackheath, is organising a petition to the Treasury for more. Whatever response this modern female Oliver Twist gets from Mr Maudling (whose own wife is no stranger to the boards at Stratford), it will be a major tragedy if Peter Hall's concept of a permanent company working throughout the year—for which two theatres are essential—fails through lack of finance. What an ironic commentary it would make in quatercentenary year.

Persistent award-winner

A reinforced concrete swimming pool—filled with salt water provided by salt shipped from the Mediterranean—has won a gold medal in an American competition for a Wolverhampton firm, Unit Swimming Pools, Ltd. The oval pool, 30 ft. by 20 ft., and surrounded by a two-level patio, is installed in a private garden at Sutton Coldfield; for Unit it represents the virtue of persistence; each year since 1960 the company has entered for the competition, winning four meritorious awards before this season's success.

Steamed-up executive

Finnish Fortnight in Birmingham has been aimed principally at stimulating trade between the Midlands and the Baltic, but I have heard that several prominent Midlands executives are considering installing Finnish steam baths in their homes. *The Sauna the Better?*

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

ONE does not have to be a weatherman to forecast that wintry conditions are quite likely to be experienced in March and possibly April.

So it must be sound advice to choose, should you be staying in an hotel over the next two months, one where the owners and management are attuned and respond to climatic changes.

Here are some examples dissected according to their tariffs. Paying around three guineas a day you can be assured of superlative comfort and service at one of the four British Transport Hotels in country districts, viz.: *Turnberry Hotel* on the Ayrshire coast, facing sea and famous golf links and, within, an elegance and deep seated comfort only comparable with its sister hotel *Gleneagles*. For those who have a leaning towards the south-west the *Manor House Hotel*, Moretonhampstead, on the fringe of multi-coloured Dartmoor, matches the bill. A good spot for the hale and hearty with plenty of outdoor and indoor sport. Next, *Tregenna Castle Hotel* perched above the artist-beloved town of St. Ives, Cornwall. Open all the year round *Tregenna Castle Hotel* has an all-age appeal. Finally, and the most central of this country house group, is the *Welcombe Hotel*, Stratford-on-Avon, quietly pitched in its own park-like grounds, yet so convenient for Shakespearean occasions and a grand centre for sightseeing.

One does not necessarily have to select a large hotel for superlative comfort. It will be found at the *Compleat Angler*, Marlow, an hotel which expresses in a high degree the artistic tastes and gastronomic knowledge of its owners.

In the 15-16 guineas a week class (winter rates which are likely to be in force till Easter) we have three more hotels to enjoy. *The Lygon Arms*, Broadway, is the doyen of English inns where one can relish the warmth, comfort and great affection that has been bestowed on it by its owners.

In one of the few still unspoilt seaside resorts note *The Belmont Hotel* and the *Victoria Hotel*, Sidmouth. The former, though modernly appointed, appeals to those who may enjoy their wine but have no liking for cocktail bars; while the latter caters more especially for the tastes of the present age.

In the two guineas a day class we cite just three—all giving admirable value. *The Greenbank*, Falmouth, at the water's edge, has never been so well managed as it is now and, for a country hotel with a fine outlook over the Severn Valley, we recommend *Moor Court Hotel*, Amberley, Nr. Stroud. In Guernsey there is *Old Government House Hotel*, a well-known and well-managed hotel overlooking St. Peter Port.

It is difficult to appraise the varying virtues of hotels when one comes to the popular 10 to 12 guineas a week (winter rates) class, but a pot-pourri of the following may help to make your pick—

Burcote-on-Thames, Abingdon—*Riverside Hotel*. Those who have met Mr and Mrs Miles Humbert will realise that their aims are high, their achievements great.

Bournemouth—*Arncott Hall* and *Bourne Hall* hotels are near neighbours, and good friends but otherwise quite different. *Bourne Hall* is fully licensed with 92 rooms, *Arncott Hall* unlicensed with 45 rooms. Both, however, cater for residential and transient trade.

Cheltenham—*Ellenborough Hotel*. One of many well recommended hotels in the peaceful Cotswold resort. Central, comfortable and companionable.

Jersey, St. Helier—*The Ommaroo Hotel* is an hotel of long standing reputation for comfortable winter residence and early spring holidays.

Jersey, St. Helier—*Longueville Manor*. An old country house converted to modern hotel needs. A suitable address for those who prefer to live on the verge of a town.

Eastbourne—*Wish Tower Hotel*. Recently enlarged but still under the personal direction of Miss M. W. Williams.

Hythe, Kent—*Stade Court Hotel*, so close to the sea, so convenient for London. Resident guests can enjoy the amenities of its sister hotel *The Imperial*.

Minehead in Somerset is a footstool to Exmoor and many medical practitioners prescribe *The Northfield Hotel* for a holiday.

Wincanton, *Holbrook House* is a country house hotel in smiling Somerset where one can, both scenically and gastronomically, enjoy the benefits of the countryside.

Scarborough—*Red Lea Hotel*. Here winter and early spring visitors are impervious to the east wind. Southern readers may not believe this but, up in Yorkshire, *Red Lea* is a by-word for cosy living.

Torquay hotels are legion, but of the really good, long established hotels *Rosetor*, owned and very personally supervised by the Brockman family, is in the van. Consider it for the coming months and for residence next winter.

Nr. Totnes and close to Torbay, *Gabriel Court Hotel* at Stoke Gabriel, nestles in lovely grounds. A small country house hotel with a big reputation for comfort and general well-being.

Worthing—*Beach Hotel*. Though now under skilled management, Miss Farnes and her co-Director are still in the background and the same happy atmosphere reigns.

It is true that one can reside in an hotel out of season for 30s a day and less but one must be circumspect in one's choice. Personally, we should be well content at one of the following. Nr. Chagford—*Great Tree Hotel*, on the edge of Dartmoor. Downderry, Nr. Torpoint, Cornwall—*Wide Sea Hotel*, where Miss W. M. Eliott assures one of delicious fresh food and warmth. Lyndhurst in the New Forest—*Parkhill Hotel*, a delightful out-of-season retreat for country lovers. St. Leonards, Sussex—*Clevedon Court Hotel*, sunny, sheltered, on the level and a lift are four attributes which may encourage you to write for further details. Last, but by no means least, in Sidmouth we suggest *Cedar Shade Hotel*, where we sometimes wonder—so great is the value—whether the owners run it for profit or just for the self-satisfaction of making human beings contented.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS FOR LATE WINTER and EARLY SPRING

Health is wealth. It will pay you handsomely (even if you have to dip into capital) to live until spring is well set in at an hotel attuned to the needs of winter residents and convalescents. Ashley Courtenay can wholeheartedly recommend the following which, according to their price categories, can be relied on for comfort, warmth and catering:

From 20/24 guineas per week:

Ayrshire	Turnberry Hotel
Marlow	The Compleat Angler Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House
St. Ives	Tregenna Castle Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Welcombe

From 15/16 guineas per week:

Broadway	Lygon Arms
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Sidmouth	Victoria Hotel

From 14 guineas per week:

Falmouth	Greenbank Hotel
Guernsey	Old Government House
Nr. Stroud	Moor Court Hotel

From 11/13 guineas per week:

Burcote-on-Thames	Riverside Hotel
Bournemouth	Bourne Hall Hotel
Eastbourne	Wish Tower
Jersey, St. Helier	Ommaroo Hotel
Wincanton	Holbrook House
Worthing	Beach Hotel

From 10 guineas per week:

Bournemouth	Arncott Hall Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Jersey, St. Helier	Longueville Manor
Hythe	Stade Court Hotel
Minehead	Northfield Hotel
Scarborough	Red Lea Hotel
Torquay	Rosetor Hotel
Nr. Totnes	Gabriel Court Hotel

From 9 guineas per week:

Chagford	Great Tree Hotel
Lyndhurst	Parkhill
St. Leonards	Clevedon Court Hotel

From 8 guineas per week:

Downderry (Cornwall)	Wide Sea Hotel

Initial enquiries concerning the above or hotels in other areas should be addressed to Ashley Courtenay (S), 16, Little London, Chichester, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

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NO PRICE WAR AMONG BABY CARS

292 Just when some of us were wondering if car prices would shoot up following the increase in the rates of engineering pay, along comes Ford of Britain with tempting cuts of up to 7 per cent. or £36 on its 997 c.c. Anglia models. This move surprised many motorists, yet it is perfectly understandable if we remember these things: that the Anglia has been in production since the autumn of 1959, more than four years; that its new-car glamour has been stolen by the Hillman Imp, the Vauxhall Viva and Ford's own Cortina; and that it is Ford policy to help maintain volume production of not-so-young designs, whose development costs have already been recovered, by the simple process of charging less for them.

The Anglia, which set up a British production record soon after its launching when output reached 1,000 a day, has since been superseded as Ford's best seller by the bigger Cortina, which has touched 1,200 a day (and which presumably yields Ford a bigger profit margin than the Anglia).

Six hundred Anglias are still being built every day at Halewood, the firm's new £30 million Merseyside plant, which recently turned out its 100,000th car less than 12 months after it started production. It is currently producing 800 cars a day, including Corsairs (38,000 of which have been built at Halewood since the model was announced last October) and Capris.

It looks as if the Anglia will remain in production for a long time yet and it is significant that there has been no whittling down of its specification (as has happened in the case of certain of Ford's price-trimming exercises in the past). More than three-quarters of a million Anglias have been built already and the total should go well past the six figure mark before it disappears.

Now that the Anglia, in its cheapest form, has come down to within £30 (including tax) of their front-wheel-drive Minis, BMC must feel happier than ever that Paddy Hopkirk and Henry Liddon gave this money-spinner one of the finest of all publicity boosts: victory in the Monte.

I doubt very much if there will now be a price war among the baby cars, for profit margins are narrow in this sector of the market and two of the leading contestants—the Hillman Imp and the Vauxhall Viva—still have novelty appeal to help them along apart from their excellent technical qualities. The order of battle, then, is likely to remain unchanged, with the Mini remaining as the cheapest baby at £448, the Anglia next at £478 and the Imp third at £508. The veteran of the bunch—the Morris Minor—stands fourth at £515; then comes the Viva (£527).

Road test of the S-type Jaguar

After taking a 3·8-litre, automatic S-type Jaguar for road test to the West Country I had a long talk with one of Sir William Lyons' top technicians about the car's independent rear suspension, which is basically similar to that used on the E-type and Mark X Jaguars. I sought his comments in view of the growing use of IRS on British cars, including the rear-engined Hillman Imp, the Triumphs, and the front-wheel-drive Minis and 1100s (which currently account for more than 70 per cent. of BMC's total car production).

Jaguar engineers first experimented with IRS in 1955 when they fitted a de Dion layout to a D-type Jaguar. After that they designed and tested almost every type and variant of IRS, including swing axle systems and all their derivatives. "It was from the mass of information thus obtained that the system we now use was evolved" said my Jaguar friend.

He claimed that only by using a true, fully independent suspension system can unsprung weight be reduced to an absolute minimum; really accurate control of wheel movement obtained; interaction of one wheel on the other eliminated (to permit softer springing); and suspension arranged to give increased cornering power as the cornering forces increase.

It was Jaguar who pioneered the idea of mounting all the suspension and drive units in a separate, detachable sub-frame, completely insulated from the body structure by the use of rubber mountings.

"This cuts down road and mechanical noise and provides a cushioning effect for the drive units against vibration and transmission harshness" I was told. "In the past, this has been one of the main drawbacks of any IRS system in which the differential unit is mounted rigidly in the car."

I enjoyed driving the 120 m.p.h. S-type which, in the 3·8-litre version I tested, costs £1,886 with a Borg-Warner automatic gearbox. It gives an exhilarating surge of power and thanks also to its superb road-holding you can safely achieve quite impressive average speeds on cross-country runs, even with a lot of traffic about. For instance, I drove from Weston-super-Mare to Epsom (Surrey), at an average speed of 36·5 m.p.h. by way of Frome, Warminster, Amesbury and Andover.

Not very impressive? Well then, *you* try to do better—on a Sunday afternoon, with a lot of weekend dawdlers about! (There's more nonsense talked by drivers about their average speeds than on any other motoring subject.)

Channel tunnel doubts

From the way some people are talking you would imagine they were expecting to be able to take their cars over to France through a tunnel in the next few weeks. If the Channel tunnel ever *is* built, which I myself doubt, you and I will be at least eight years older (if still alive) when we first drive our cars on to a railway truck and, still sitting in them, allow ourselves to be pulled through the submarine passage for more than 30 miles.

I am not a bit surprised that shipping people like George Nott of Townsend and Otto Thoresen (driving force behind the Southampton-Cherbourg consortium) are pressing right ahead with their car ferry expansion plans, for there is a lot of business to be picked up both before and *after* any tunnel is built.

All the British and French Governments have done is to give political approval to the idea of a tunnel by adopting the views of the Anglo-French Study Group (which reported last September) that a railway tunnel is technically feasible by either boring or sinking tubes under the sea bed. The technical difficulties are still enormous, according to Mr Marples, who was not altogether excitingly optimistic when he told Parliament: "Bearing in mind the very heavy burden of the two countries' existing commitments and the many other competing claims on their national resources, it remains to be decided when and how best the expense involved can be sustained." The estimated cost of the tunnel is £170 million.

Perhaps my own lack of enthusiasm for a Channel tunnel is not unrelated to visions I get of what might happen to the south-east of England if it comes: visions of crowded motorways, roaring traffic, belching factory chimneys and mushrooming dormitory towns. No wonder that people concerned with the prosperity of the north-east are suggesting that with only a fraction of the money that would be spent on a tunnel and the roads feeding it, the communications and other facilities serving the north-east could be improved to a point when they would do much to attract the industry the area so badly needs.

The 3·8-litre automatic S-type Jaguar road tested by Courtenay Edwards and described on this page

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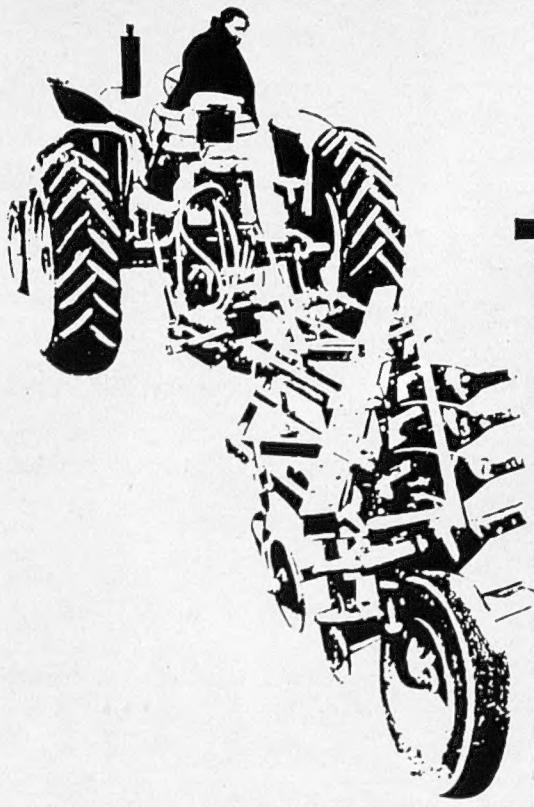

THE FARMER WHO MEANS BUSINESS HAS NO PAPER OF HIS OWN

There's a vigorous press, of course, serving the farming community as a whole, and serving it well. But you can often search the whole of it and not find a word about work-study, pre-packaging, group buying problems—or any of the discussion-points that are of urgent importance to the farmer who thinks in modern business terms. In other words, he has no paper which he can look on as especially his own.

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